

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE LOST CITY.

La Couvertolrade, originally built as a hospice by the Templars, and fortified by the Knights of Malta, lies on the great bare plateau of marine limestone in Aveyron, known as the Causse du Larzac. Its narrow streets are now occupied only by a few peasants, who till the hollows of the rocky land around. On the door of the church is the following inscription:—

*Bonas gens que per aïssal passatz
Pregatz diu per los trépassatz.*

I.—THE CITY.

I have watched and waited while men
grow old;
Mine are the children of yesterday;
Bertrand, Blanchefleur, Ysolde,
Warm they were, but they lay so cold
When they brought them into their last
stronghold;
Mine are the children of yesterday.

II.—THE CAUSSE DU LARZAC.

Couvertolrade, none could tame thee,
Shelter of captains, bulwark of kings;
These of old would fashion and frame
thee;
Four gray stones are their quarterings,
I that lay in the sea's embraces,
Lifted now to the eagle's wings,
Shall I not love the wide air-spaces,
First created and last of things?
Oh, strong slater of Sauveterre,
Send me a blast as the pine-tree
swings;
Pale Méjan, and the high Lozère,
Eastward set, where the thunder
springs,
These shall aid, when to-day I name
thee,
(Hark to the crash on the barrières!)
Stone of my stone, I call thee, I claim
thee,
Born of me, reared on my breast made
bare;
Couvertolrade, Couvertolrade,
Mine at last in the wild sweet air.

Grenville Cole.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE SHREWMOUSE.

The creatures with the shining eyes
That live among the tender grass
See great stars falling down the skies
And mighty comets pass.

Torches of thought within the mind
Wave fire upon the dancing streams
Of souls that shake upon their wind
In rain of falling dreams.

The shrewmouse builds her windy nest
And laughs amid the corn:
She hath no dreams within her breast:
God smiled when she was born.

Fiona Macleod.

A SONG OF GLADNESS.

Bliss was in that dawn to be alive;
But to be young was very Heaven!
—Wordsworth.

Hark, for the wind is calling—calling
over the sea!
Hark, where the lark is trilling away
on the heathery lea!
The skies are sapphire above us, and
the sands are gold at our feet.
Better the wind-swept moorland than
the dull, dim, crowded street;
Better the grassy hillside, where the
browsing oxen stand;
The long, clear, clean-cut furrows, the
warm, rich brown of the land.
And beyond lie the spring-clad thickets
aglow with their earliest green,
The lance of the purple orchis, and the
milkwort starred between,
The buds on the hawthorn breaking,
the gorse with its spikes of gold,
The sight of the hazy uplands, the
smell of the thyme-swept wold.
There's joy in the breath of the morn-
ing when the gossamer's hung
with dew,
When the gray sky pales to saffron, the
saffron deepens to blue;
And in the flaming midday, when never
a cloud is seen,
But the whole broad landscape
stretches ablaze with its gold
and green;
There's joy in the dusky evening,
when the long black shadows
fall,
And the glamor of mist and twilight is
sweeping over all.

Joy in the light and splendor, the sun-
shine and the flowers,
In the glory, the glow, and the rapture,
the strength and the youth that
are ours!

Marie Chichele.

Chambers's Journal.

THE ETHER OF SPACE.*

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE.

Thirty years ago Clerk Maxwell gave a remarkable lecture on "Action at a Distance." Like most other natural philosophers, he held that action at a distance across empty space is impossible; in other words, that matter cannot act where it is not, but only where it is. The question "where is it?" is a further question that may demand attention and require more than a superficial answer. For it can be argued on the hydrodynamic or vortex theory of matter as well as on the electrical theory, that every atom of matter has a universal, though nearly infinitesimal, prevalence and extends everywhere; since there is no definite sharp boundary or limiting periphery to the region disturbed by its existence. The lines of force of an isolated electric charge extend throughout illimitable space. And though a charge of opposite sign will curve and concentrate them, yet it is possible to deal with both charges, by the method of superposition, as if they each existed separately without the other. In that case, therefore, however far they reach, such nuclei clearly exert no "action at a distance" in the technical sense.

Some philosophers have reason to suppose that mind can act directly on mind without intervening mechanism, and sometimes that has been spoken of as genuine action at a distance; but in the first place, no proper conception or physical model can be made of such a process nor is it clear that space and distance have any particular meaning in the region of psychology. The links between mind and mind may be something quite other than physical proximity, and in denying action at a distance across empty space I am not denying

telepathy or other activities of a non-physical kind; for although brain disturbance is certainly physical, and is an essential concomitant of mental action, whether of the sending or receiving variety, yet we know from the case of heat that a material movement can be excited in one place at the expense of corresponding movement in another, without any similar kind of transmission or material connection between the two places: the thing that travels across vacuum is not heat.

In all cases where physical motion is involved, however, I would have a medium sought for; it may not be matter, but it must be something; there must be a connecting link of some kind, or the transference cannot occur. There can be no attraction across really empty space. And even when a material link exists, so that the connection is obvious, the explanation is not complete; for when the mechanism of attraction is understood, it will be found that a body really only moves because it is pushed by something from behind. The essential force in nature is the *vis a tergo*. So when we have found the "traces" or discovered the connecting thread, we still run up against the word "cohesion," and ought to be exercised in our minds as to its ultimate meaning. Why the particles of a rod should follow, when one end is pulled, is a matter requiring explanation; and the only explanation that can be given involves, in some form or other, a continuous medium connecting the discrete and separated particles or atoms of matter.

When a steel spring is bent or distorted, what is it that is really strained? Not the atoms—the atoms are only displaced; it is the connecting links that are strained—the connecting

* A Friday evening discourse at the Royal Institution of Great Britain on the 21st February, 1906.

medium—the ether. Distortion of a spring is really distortion of the ether. All stress exists in the ether. Matter can only be moved. Contact does not exist between the atoms of matter as we know them; it is doubtful if a piece of matter ever touches another piece, any more than a comet touches the sun when it appears to rebound from it; but the atoms are connected, as the planets, the comets, and the sun are connected, by a continuous *plenum* without break or discontinuity of any kind. Matter acts on matter solely through the ether. But whether matter is a specifically modified portion of it—modified in such a way as to be a thing utterly distinct and separate from the ether, or whether it is susceptible of locomotion, and yet continuous with all the rest of the ether—which can be said to extend everywhere, far beyond the bounds of the modified and tangible portion called matter—are questions demanding, and I may say in process of receiving, answers.

Every such answer involves some view of the universal, and possibly infinite, uniform omnipresent connecting medium, the ether of space.

Let us now recall the chief lines of evidence on which the existence of such a medium is believed in, and our knowledge of it is based. First of all, Newton recognized the need of a medium for explaining gravitation. In his "Optical Queries" he shows that if the pressure of this medium is less in the neighborhood of material bodies than at great distances from them those bodies will be driven towards each other; and that if the diminution of pressure is inversely as the distance from the dense body, the law will be that of gravitation.

All that is required, therefore, to explain gravity is a diminution of pressure, or increase of tension, caused by the formation of a matter unit—that is to say, of an electron or corpuscle; and

although we do not yet know what an electron is—whether it be a strain centre, or what kind of singularity it is in the ether—there is no difficulty in supposing that a slight, almost infinitesimal, strain or attempted rarefaction should have been produced in the ether whenever an electron came into being; to be relaxed again only on its resolution and destruction. Strictly speaking, it is not a real *strain*, but only a "stress"; since there can be no actual *yield*, but only a pull or tension, extending in all directions towards infinity.

The tension required per unit of matter is almost ludicrously small, and yet in the aggregate near such a body as a planet, it becomes enormous.

The force with which the moon is held in its orbit would be great enough to tear asunder a steel rod four hundred miles thick, with a tenacity of 30 tons per square inch; so that if the moon and earth were connected by steel instead of by gravity, a forest of pillars would be necessary to whirl the system once a month round their common centre of gravity. Such a force necessarily implies enormous tension or pressure in the medium. Maxwell calculates that the gravitational stress near the earth, which we must suppose to exist in the invisible medium, is 3,000 times greater than what the strongest steel could stand; and near the sun it should be 2,500 times as great as that.

The question has arisen in my mind whether if the whole visible or sensible universe,—estimated by Lord Kelvin as equivalent to about a thousand million tons,—were all concentrated in one body of specifiable density,¹ the stress would not be so great as to produce a tendency towards ethereal disruption; which would result in a disintegrating explosion, and a scattering of the particles once more as an enormous neb-

¹ On doing the arithmetic, however, I find the necessary concentration absurdly great, showing that such a mass is quite insufficient.

ula and other fragments into the depths of space. For the tension would be a maximum in the interior of such a mass; and, if it rose to the value 10^{83} dynes per square centimetre, something would have to happen. I do not suppose that this can be the reason, but one would think there must be *some* reason, for the scattered condition of gravitative matter.

Too little is known, however, about the mechanism of gravitation to enable us to adduce it as the strongest argument in support of the existence of an ether. The oldest valid and conclusive requisition of an ethereal medium depends on the wave theory of light, one of the founders of which was Dr. Thomas Young, at the beginning of last century.

No ordinary matter is capable of transmitting the undulations or tremors that we call light. The speed at which they go, the kind of undulation, and the facility with which they go through vacuum, forbid this.

So clearly and universally has it been perceived that waves must be waves of something—something distinct from ordinary matter—that Lord Salisbury, in his presidential address to the British Association at Oxford, criticized the ether as little more than a nominative case to the verb to undulate. It is truly *that*, though it is also truly more than that; but to illustrate that luminiferous aspect of it, I will quote a paragraph from the lecture of Clerk Maxwell's to which I have already referred:—

"The vast interplanetary and interstellar regions will no longer be regarded as waste places in the universe, which the Creator has not seen fit to fill with the symbols of the manifold order of His Kingdom. We shall find them to be already full of this wonderful medium; so full that no human power can remove it from the smallest portion of space, or produce the

slightest flaw in its infinite continuity. It extends unbroken from star to star; and when a molecule of hydrogen vibrates in the dog-star, the medium receives the impulses of these vibrations, and after carrying them in its immense bosom for several years, delivers them, in due course, regular order, and full tale into the spectroscope of Mr. Huggins, at Tulse Hill."

(It is pleasant to remember that those veteran investigators, Sir William and Lady Huggins, are still at work.)

This will suffice to emphasize the fact that the eye is truly an ethereal sense-organ—the only one which we possess, the only mode by which the ether is enabled to appeal to us—and that the detection of tremors in this medium—the perception of the direction in which they go, and some inference as to the quality of the object which has emitted them—cover all that we mean by "sight" and "seeing."

I pass then to another function, the electric and magnetic phenomena displayed by the ether; and on this I will only permit myself a very short quotation from the writings of Faraday, whose whole life may be said to have been directed towards a better understanding of these ethereal phenomena. He is, indeed, the discoverer of the electric and magnetic properties of the ether of space.

Faraday conjectured that the same medium which is concerned in the propagation of light might also be the agent in electromagnetic phenomena. "For my own part," he says, "considering the relation of a vacuum to the magnetic force, and the general character of magnetic phenomena external to the magnet, I am much more inclined to the notion that in the transmission of the force there is such an action, external to the magnet, than that the effects are merely attraction and repulsion at a distance. Such an

action may be a function of the æther; for it is not unlikely that if there be an æther, it should have other uses than simply the conveyance of radiation."

This conjecture has been amply strengthened by subsequent investigations.

One more function is now being discovered; the ether is being found to constitute matter—an immensely interesting topic, on which there are many active workers at the present time. I will make a brief quotation from Professor J. J. Thomson, where he summarizes his own anticipation of the conclusion which in one form or another we all see looming before us, though it has not yet been completely attained, and would not by all be similarly expressed:—

"The *whole* mass of any body is just the mass of ether surrounding the body which is carried along by the Faraday tubes associated with the atoms of the body. In fact, all mass is mass of the ether; all momentum, momentum of the ether; and all Kinetic energy, Kinetic energy of the ether. This view, it should be said, requires the density of the ether to be immensely greater than that of any known substance."

Yes, far denser—so dense that matter by comparison is like gossamer, or a filmy imperceptible mist, or a milky way. Not unreal or unimportant: a cobweb is not unreal nor to certain creatures is it unimportant, but it cannot be said to be massive or dense; and matter, even platinum, is not dense when compared with the ether.

Not till last year, however, did I realize what the density of the ether must really be,² compared with that modification of it which appeals to our senses as matter, and which, for that reason, engrosses our attention. I will return to this part of the subject directly.

² See the "Philosophical Magazine" for April, 1907.

Is there any other function possessed by the ether, which, though not yet discovered, may lie within the bounds of possibility for future discovery? I believe there is, but it is too speculative to refer to, beyond saying that it has been urged as probable by the authors of "The Unseen Universe," and has been tentatively referred to by Clerk Maxwell thus:—

"Whether this vast homogeneous expanse of isotropic matter is fitted not only to be a medium of physical interaction between distant bodies, and to fulfil other physical functions of which, perhaps, we have as yet no conception, but also . . . to constitute the material organism of beings exercising functions of life and mind as high or higher than ours are at present—is a question far transcending the limits of physical speculation."

And there for the present I leave that aspect of the subject.

I shall now attempt to illustrate some relations between ether and matter.

The question is often asked: is ether material? That is largely a question of words and convenience. Undoubtedly the ether belongs to the material or physical universe; but it is not ordinary matter. I should prefer to say it is not "matter" at all. It may be the substance or substratum or material of which matter is composed, but it would be confusing and inconvenient not to be able to discriminate between matter on the one hand, and ether on the other. If you tie a knot on a bit of string, the knot is composed of string, but the string is not composed of knots. If you have a smoke or vortex-ring in the air, the vortex-ring is made of air, but the atmosphere is not a vortex-ring; and it would be only confusing to say that it was.

The essential distinction between matter and ether is that matter *moves*,

in the sense that it has the property of locomotion and can effect impact and bombardment; while ether is *strained*, and has the property of exerting stress and recoil. All potential energy exists in the ether. It may vibrate, and it may rotate, but as regards locomotion it is stationary—the most stationary body we know—absolutely stationary so to speak; our standard of rest.

All that we ourselves can effect, in the material universe, is to alter the motion and configuration of masses of matter; we can move matter, by our muscles, and that is all we can do directly: everything else is indirect. This is worth thinking over by those who have not already realized the fact.

But now comes the question, how is it possible for matter to be composed of ether? How it is possible for a solid to be made out of fluid? A solid possesses the properties of rigidity, impenetrability, elasticity, and such like; how can these be imitated by a perfect fluid such as the ether must be? The answer is, they can be imitated by a fluid in motion; a statement which we make with confidence as the result of a great part of Lord Kelvin's work.

It may be illustrated by a few experiments.

A wheel of spokes, transparent or permeable when stationary, becomes opaque when revolving, so that a ball thrown against it does not go through, but rebounds. The motion only affects permeability to matter; transparency to light is unaffected.

A silk cord hanging from a pulley becomes rigid and viscous when put into rapid motion; and pulses or waves which may be generated on the cord travel along it with a speed equal to its own velocity, whatever that velocity may be, so that they appear very nearly to stand still. This is a case of kinetic rigidity; and the fact that the wave-transmission velocity is equal to the rotatory speed of the material, is

typical and important, for in all cases of kinetic elasticity these two velocities are of the same order of magnitude.

A flexible chain, set spinning, can stand up on end while the motion continues.

A jet of water at sufficient speed can be struck with a hammer, and resists being cut with a sword.

A spinning disc of paper becomes elastic like flexible metal, and can act like a circular saw. Sir William White tells me that in naval construction, steel plates are cut by a rapidly-revolving disc of soft iron.

A vortex-ring, ejected from an elliptical orifice, oscillates about the stable circular form, as an india rubber ring would do; thus furnishing a beautiful example of kinetic elasticity and showing us clearly a fluid displaying some of the properties of a solid.

A still further example is Lord Kelvin's model of a spring balance made of nothing but rigid bodies in spinning motion. See his "Popular Lectures and Addresses," vol. 1, p. 239, being his "Address to Section A. of the British Association" in 1884 at Montreal.

If the ether can be set spinning, therefore, we may have some hope of making it imitate the properties of matter, or even of constructing matter by its aid. But how are we to spin the ether? Matter alone seems to have no grip of it. I have spun steel discs, a yard in diameter, 4,000 times a minute, have sent light round and round between them, and tested carefully for the slightest effect on the ether. Not the slightest effect was perceptible. We cannot spin ether mechanically.

But we can vibrate it electrically; and every source of radiation does that. An electrified body, in sufficiently rapid vibration, is the only source of ether-waves that we know; and if an electric charge is suddenly stopped, it generates the pulses known as X-rays, as the result of the collision.

Not speed, but sudden change of speed, is the necessary condition for generating waves in the ether by electricity.

We can also, it is believed, infer some kind of rotary motion in the ether; though we have no such obvious means of detecting the spin as is furnished by vision for detecting some kinds of vibration. It is supposed to exist whenever we put a charge into the neighborhood of a magnetic pole. Round the line joining the two, the ether is spinning like a top. I do not say it is spinning fast: that is a question of its density; it is, in fact, spinning with excessive slowness, but it is spinning with a definite moment of momentum. J. J. Thomson's theory makes its moment of momentum exactly equal to em , the product of charge and pole; the charge being measured electrostatically and the pole magnetically.

How can this be shown experimentally? Suppose we had a spinning top enclosed in a case, so that the spin was unrecognizable by ordinary means, it could be detected by its gyrostatic behavior to force. If allowed to "precess" it will respond by moving perpendicularly to a deflecting force. So it is with the charge and the magnetic pole. Try to move either suddenly, and it immediately sets off at right angles to the force. A moving charge is a current, and the pole and the current try to revolve round one another—a true gyrostatic action due to the otherwise unrecognizable ethereal spin. The fact of such magnetic rotation was discovered by Faraday.

I know that it is usually worked out in another way, in terms of lines of force and the rest of the circuit; but I am thinking of a current as a stream of projected charges; and no one way of regarding such a matter is likely to exhaust the truth, or to exclude other modes which are equally valid. Any-

how, in whatever way it is regarded, it is an example of the three rectangular vectors.

The three vectors at right angles to each other, which may be labelled Current, Magnetism, and Motion respectively, or more generally *E*, *H*, and *V*., represent the quite fundamental relation between ether and matter, and constitute the link between Electricity, Magnetism and Mechanics. Where any two of these are present, the third is a necessary consequence. This principle is the basis of all dynamos, of electric motors, of light, of telegraphy, and of most other things. Indeed, it is a question whether it does not underlie everything that we know in the whole of the physical sciences; and whether it is not the basis of our conception of the three dimensions of space.

Lastly, we have the fundamental property of matter called inertia, which, if I had time, I would show could be explained electro-magnetically, provided the ethereal density is granted as of the order 10^{12} grammes per cubic centimetre. The elasticity of the ether would then have to be of the order 10^3 c.g.s.; and if this is due to intrinsic turbulence, the speed of the whirling or rotational elasticity must be of the same order as the velocity of light. This follows hydrodynamically; in the same sort of way as the speed at which a pulse travelling on a flexible running endless cord, whose tension is entirely due to the centrifugal force of the motion, is precisely equal to the velocity of the cord itself. And so, on our present view, the intrinsic energy of constitution of the ether is incredibly and portentously great; every cubic millimetre of space possessing what, if it were matter, would be a mass of a thousand tons, and an energy equivalent to the output of a million horse-power station for 40 million years.

The universe we are living in is an

extraordinary one; and our investigation of it has only just begun. We know that matter has a psychical significance, since it can constitute *brain*, which links together the physical and the psychical worlds. If anyone thinks that the ether, with all its massiveness and energy, has probably no psychical significance, I find myself unable to agree with him.

SUPPLEMENTARY REMARKS CONCERNING DENSITY OF ETHER.

I observe that it is surmised by at least one thoughtful and friendly critic that in speaking of the immense density or massiveness of ether, and the absurdly small density or specific gravity of gross matter by comparison, I intended to signify that matter is a *rarefaction* of the ether. That, however, was not my intention. The view I advocate is that the ether is a perfect *continuum*, an absolute *plenum*, and that, therefore, no local rarefaction is possible. The ether inside matter is just as dense as the ether outside, and no denser. A material unit—say an electron—is only a peculiarity or singularity of some kind in the ether itself, which is of perfectly uniform density everywhere. What we sense as matter is an aggregate or grouping of an enormous number of such units.

How, then, can we say that matter is millions of times rarer or less substantial than the ether of which it is essentially composed? Those who feel any difficulty here should bethink themselves of what they mean by the average or aggregate density of any discontinuous system, such as a powder, or a gas, or a precipitate, or a snowstorm, or a cloud, or a milky way.

Lord Kelvin has estimated and, indeed, proved that the aggregate density of the whole material cosmos within recognizable gravitational reach of us

must be infinitesimal; in other words, that the amount of matter in space, however prodigious it may be, must be infinitely less than the volume of space it occupies. And even of the visible cosmos—that is to say, of the material clustering within reach of our aided organs of vision—the density, though certainly not infinitesimal, is exceedingly small.

It may be clearer if I give some actual numbers. Lord Kelvin estimated the amount of matter within reach of the largest telescopes—say within a parallax of 1-1000 second of arc, corresponding to a radius of 3×10^{16} kilometres—as equivalent to a thousand million of our suns; that is to say, to a total mass of 1.5×10^{36} tons distributed through a volume of 1.12×10^{59} cubic metres. So the density of the visible cosmos comes out of the order 10^{-23} of that of water.

The masses themselves seem likely to be in the main distinctly of greater density than water; but grouped, or in the aggregate, they are excessively "rare"—far rarer than the residual gas in the highest known vacuum. The whole visible cosmos is, in fact, as much rarer than what we call a high vacuum (say, the hundred-millionth of an atmosphere) as that vacuum is rarer than lead. If it be urged that it is unfair to compare an obviously discrete assemblage like the stars, with an apparently continuous substance like air or lead, the answer is that it is entirely and accurately fair; since air, and every other known form of matter, is essentially an aggregate of particles, and since it is always their average density that we mean. We do not even know for certain their individual atomic density.

The phrase, "specific gravity or density of a powder" is ambiguous. It may mean the specific gravity of the dry powder as it lies, like snow; or it may mean the specific gravity of the

particles of which it is composed, like ice.

So also with regard to the density of matter, we might mean the density of the fundamental material of which its units are made—which would be ether; or we might, and in practice do, mean the density of the aggregate lump which we can see and handle; that is to say, of water, or iron, or lead, as the case may be.

In saying that the density of matter is small, I mean, of course, in this last, the usual, sense. In saying that the density of ether is great, I mean that the actual stuff of which these highly-porous aggregates are composed is of immense, of well-nigh incredible density. It is only another way of saying that the ultimate units of matter are few and far between, *i. e.*, that they are excessively small as compared with the distances between them; just as the planets of the solar system, or worlds in the sky, are few and far between—the intervening distances being enormous as compared with the portions of space actually occupied by lumps of matter.

Here it may be noted that it is possible to argue that the density of a *continuum* is necessarily greater than the density of any disconnected aggregate: certainly of any assemblage whose particles are actually composed of the material of the *continuum*. Because the former is "all there," everywhere, without break or intermittence of any kind; while the latter has gaps in it—it is here, and there, but not everywhere.

Indeed, this very argument was used long ago by that notable genius, Robert Hooke; and I quote a passage which Professor Poynting has discovered in his collected posthumous works, and kindly copied out for me:—

"As for *matter*, that I conceive in its essence to be immutable, and its essence being expatiation determinate, it

cannot be altered in its quantity, either by condensation or rarefaction; that is, there cannot be more or less of that power or reality, whatever it be, within the same expatiation or content; but every equal expatiation contains, is filled, or is an equal quantity of *materia*; and the densest or heaviest, or most powerful body in the world, contains no more *materia* than that which we conceive to be the rarest, thinnest, lightest, or least powerful body of all; as gold, for instance, and *æther*, or the substance that fills the cavity of an exhausted vessel, or cavity of the glass of a barometer above the quicksilver. Nay, as I shall afterwards prove, this cavity is more full, or a more dense body of *æther*, in the common sense or acceptation of the word than gold is of gold, bulk for bulk; and that because the one, *viz.*, the mass of *æther* is all *æther*: but the mass of gold, which we conceive, is not all gold; but there is an inter-mixture, and that vastly more than is commonly supposed, of *æther* with it; so that vacuity, as it is commonly thought, or erroneously supposed, is a more dense body than the gold as gold. But if we consider the whole content of the one with that of the other, within the same or equal quantity of expatiation, then are they both equally containing the *materia* or body."¹

Newton's contemporaries do not shine in facility and clearness of expression, as he himself did, but Professor Poynting interprets the above singular attempt at utterance thus:—"All space is filled with equally dense *materia*. Gold fills only a small fraction of the space assigned to it, and yet has a big mass. How much greater must be the total mass filling that space!"

The tacit assumption here made is that the particles of the aggregate are

¹ From the "Posthumous Works of Robert Hooke, M.D., F.R.S.," 1705, pp. 171-2 (as copied in "Memoir of Dalton," by Angus Smith).

all composed of one and the same continuous substance—practically that matter is made of ether; and that assumption, in Hooke's day, must have been only a speculation. But it is the kind of speculation which time is justifying—it is the kind of truth which we all feel to be in process of establishment now.

We do not depend on that sort of argument, however; what we depend on is experimental measure of the mass, and mathematical estimate of the volume, of the electron. For calculation shows that however the mass be accounted for, whether electrostatically or magnetically, or hydrodynamically, the estimate of ratio of mass to effective volume can differ only in a numerical coefficient, and cannot differ as regards order of magnitude. The only way out of this conclusion would be the discovery that the negative electron is not the real or the main matter-unit, but is only a subsidiary ingredient, whereas the main mass is the more

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bulky positive charge. That last hypothesis, however, is at present too vague to be useful. Moreover the mass of such a charge would in that case go unexplained, and would need a further step; which would probably land us in much the same sort of ethereal density as is involved in the estimate which I have based on the more familiar and tractable negative electron.

It may be said, why assume any finite density for the ether at all? Why not assume that, as it is infinitely continuous, so it is infinitely dense—whatever that may mean—and that all its properties are infinite?

This might be possible were it not for the velocity of light. By transmitting waves at a finite and measurable speed, the ether has given itself away, and has let in all the possibilities of calculation and numerical statement. Its properties are thereby exhibited as essentially finite—however infinite the whole extent of it may turn out to be.

THE HEROIC IDEAL OF THE FRENCH EPIC.*

The books whose titles stand below may be said to represent the most important work that has been done on the medieval French epic. A complete bibliography of the subject would contain many hundred titles of books and of special articles by French, German, and Italian scholars who have devoted themselves to the subject since 1820. These scholars, however, have been occupied with the question of origins, and with the critical analysis of the texts and variants, rather than with the literary and social interest of these old

poems dealing with "reges et proella." Even in France, where acquaintance with medieval literature is still an affair of the savants, Léon Gautier and Gaston Paris alone have left any concern to interpret the noble epic message of their ancestors for Frenchmen of to-day.

If this ignorance of the French national epic may properly be made a reproach to France, it is needless to say that to even the cultured man in England and America the old French poems are practically unknown. There

* 1. "Histoire poétique de Charlemagne." By Gaston Paris. First edition. Paris: Franck, 1865.

2. "Les Epopées françaises." By Léon Gautier. Seconde édition. Four vols. Paris: Société Catholique, 1878-1894.

3. "Le Originell' Epopee francese." By Pio Rajna. Firenze: Sansoni, 1884.

4. "Histoire poétique des Mérovingiens." By Godefroi Kurth. Paris, 1893.

5. "Epic and Romance." By W. P. Ker. London: Macmillan, 1895.

are reasons for this. To read the language of these poems requires, of course, a special training; further, many of the texts are rare and accessible only in large libraries; and finally, the Breton romances of adventure, in their Old French form, have absorbed all the attention which our literary men have devoted to medieval French literature. We are not complaining that it should be the case; but the fact remains that in popularity Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table have definitely triumphed over Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers. With the exception of the "Song of Roland," the poems themselves have not been translated, nor has their message been interpreted to the modern world. To all but the scholar an enormous collection of documents bearing upon the evolution of modern ideals has thus remained sealed.

It is time, then, for a statement of the value of the French epic. One might have hoped to find such a statement developed in Professor W. P. Ker's admirable volume of studies entitled "Epic and Romance." One might wish that in a study begun upon such broad lines the author had not devoted so much space to the *sagas*—which, as he concludes, "have had no influence"—at the expense of the *chansons de geste*, which "belong to the history of those great schools of literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries from which all modern imaginations in prose and rhyme are descended." But though the *chansons de geste* were contemporary with the twelfth century school of romantic poetry in France, they have no logical connection with it, nor have they had any share in the popularity accorded to medieval romantic poetry by the nineteenth century. The fact is that the value of the so-called French epic is rather historical than literary. Hence, while modern critics have rightly

searched the contemporary romances of adventure for the origins of the modern novel, the historical epic poems have been comparatively neglected. On the other hand, the historian of the period in question delves among the Latin charters and chronicles of the time rather than in the popular literature in the vulgar tongue. Upon the whole, the French epic may be said to have fallen between two stools; it has been neglected by the historians of society even more than by the historians of literature. Its message has not been sought for nor discovered. In common with other remains of medieval literature in the vulgar tongues, the French epic has been staked out as the private domain of the philologists.

In these days of ancestral research it is fitting to pay our tardy respects to our French ancestors, and to see what messages of enduring import they have left to us from the days of feudal struggle and strife. Can we, by searching, find some modern note in these old poems which will bring us and them into sympathetic touch?

Some three or four score French epic poems have been preserved in a complete form, to which must be added a score or two of fragmentary or mutilated poems which have not yet been published. The complete poems embrace from two thousand to ten thousand verses, of ten or twelve syllables each, arranged in assonance. As their name implies, they are songs of deed—*chansons de geste*. They pretend to be historical accounts of national and feudal events which happened during the reigns of Charlemagne and of his immediate successors. Following Gaston Paris, we may sufficiently characterize their historical reliability by calling them "poetical history." As a matter of fact, we have no specimens of the primitive French epic, founded as it must have been upon heroic ballads sung by the contemporaries of the

Carolingian monarchs. The "Song of Roland," dating from the eleventh century, is universally held to be the earliest and worthiest example extant of what the French national epic must have sometime been. Even the "Roland" is visibly modernized to suit the naïve taste of the eleventh century. Composed during a period which, of all others before the Renaissance, was pregnant with political, social, and literary changes, it is not strange that the later poems of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries should reflect in some degree the momentous evolution of the times. For to say that there is no difference in spirit between a version of the eleventh and a version of the thirteenth century would be untrue. Yet the French epic was a conservative *genre*, and always remained faithful to the traditional material. It was corrupted, but never assimilated, by the more frivolous *matière de Bretagne*—the poetic tissue of that seductive young Celtic muse who so quickly captivated the new chivalry of France. The popular poets, these anonymous *trouvères*, who cast the poems in their present shape, have in reality left us a picture of the humanity and the ideals of the eleventh and early twelfth centuries. They never weary of proclaiming that their stories are true, reproaching certain of their contemporaries who delight in romances of adventure which are fantastic and false. Their claim of veracity is justified by their works, but not in the sense they intended. They affected to believe that they were telling the truth about Charlemagne and his great vassals whom they had not seen; in reality, they have left us, all unconsciously, the true reflection of the spirit of their own times which they had seen.

Nowhere, then, better than in the *chansons de geste* can we find a vast body of material wherein to study the medieval standards and ideals

of what Montaigne has called the "Average man." Our hero is the average man of the earlier crusades, a contemporary of those Normans who were carrying into England the best features of European civilization.

When a student of the French epic considers what is most worth saying concerning the vast quantity of material to which reference has been made he must reject several methods of treatment. Our subject must be carefully defined. We want to get at the *spirit* of these poems. We must, then, leave out of consideration their literary value, the question of their authorship, their philological value, and their historical accuracy as chronicles of the events which they pretend to narrate. So much, at the outset, is beside our present purpose. The material is thus greatly circumscribed. Even so, sufficient documentary proof remains to establish our ethical connection with our Norman ancestors in the twelfth century, the moment when medieval civilization reached its highest point. Our purpose is to show that the *chansons de geste* of seven centuries ago give expression to the ethical standards of conduct under which we live to-day, that the Frenchman of the early twelfth century, more nearly than any other epic character, foreshadows in his fundamental traits the Christian gentleman of our own day.

In the first place, the characters in the *chansons de geste* are all human beings, men and women of flesh and blood like ourselves, tried by the same temptations, and victorious over sin through the same faith. From the standpoint of human interest this fact is of vast importance. In the French epic there are no gods, no spirits, no fairies, no monsters, no unhuman *dramatis personæ* of any kind. This means that, unlike the Homeric poems, the French epic presents no complicated aristocracy of immortals who take sides and hasten

to the aid of their human favorites with unsportsmanlike participation in the fray. Surely the god of Charlemagne could have stepped in and saved Roland at Roncesvalles and Vivien at Aliscans against the pagan hosts of Mahom. But there is no *deus ex machina* here. Events take their course. First treachery, then carelessness and foolhardiness have their inevitable consequences. Roland is overwhelmed and dies gloriously—the great tragic death of medieval literature. So it is everywhere; the marvellous is practically eliminated. We do not recollect any case where deserved punishment is averted by divine interference. To be sure God is always felt to be on the side of Charlemagne and the French in the great religious strife with the Saracens; but, in the long run, defeat comes to the Christians quite as often as victory. The path to success is littered with failures in the epic as in man's daily experience. There is no monopoly of success, no subsidized divine aid which guarantees against the wages of sin and folly.

The essential humanity of the characters in the *chansons de geste* further differentiates all these poems from the contemporary romances of the Breton cycle and from the later Italian court epic. In the Italian court epic we are at once transported to a fairyland where anything is possible. An air of enchantment hangs over all the contestants. Personally, we have never been able to feel that it was quite fair. A hero who can disappear through the air when the fight becomes too hot, or who can anoint himself with some health-giving salve, is like the man with bullet-proof armor in modern warfare. He is interesting for a moment as a novelty, but one soon feels that he is not playing fair. The French epic hero has to stay on the ground and trust to his own good sword and horse. If his opponent is too much

for him there is no fairy at his beck and call, no spiritualistic disappearance possible; he must commend his soul to God and die.

There is also a radical difference between the epic poems and the contemporary romances of adventure: the epic not only puts into play real men, but it shows them engaged in real work. They have not the leisure to search for such an illusive treasure as the Holy Grail, or to serve as professional agents for the suppression of cruelty and vice. They are far too busy to go on spiritual quests, to fight at tournaments, or to scour the lands and seas in search of adventure. The French epic poems present a society at war, primarily against the Saracens, and secondarily, in the intervals of repose from this congenial task, at war against itself. One gets the impression from the *romans d'aventure* that, despite Arthur's vigilance, there was in certain quarters a good deal of leisure of a very unedifying sort. Happily the characters in the heroic poetry are kept busy, and thus avoid the effeminacy and corruption that one feels at times in the Knights of the Round Table. While the romances of adventure depict the age of chivalry in artificial and seductive colors, these poems are nevertheless effete, the conventional response to the literary taste of a refined aristocracy. We claim for our rugged epic poems a truth and vigor which leave them many faults, but which give them that earnestness and moral virility which cannot be taken from them. The life of these feudal heroes, so much nearer to the heart of the race than the irresponsible wanderings of the romantic *chevaliers*, appeals to us the more because it was a life of necessary action. Society is depicted in the epic poems as it was, not as it would like to be.

Something has been said of the humanity of the characters in the *chan-*

sons de geste and of the human interest which is aroused by their activities. They are not supernatural heroes. Indeed, they are not, with rare exceptions, heroes at all. They are heroes, as are those of our own day, simply because they are men and have high ideals. We come now to the really essential trait which puts the French epic into a class by itself as a national epic: it is a *Christian* epic. These heroes of whom we have been speaking were all Christians, fighting in most cases for a purely religious cause and living under the dictates of an advanced system of Christian ethics. This fact at once distinguishes our poems not only from the Homeric poems, but from all those popular epics which are of pagan origin and inspiration. The medieval Christianity behind the French epic entails, to be sure, an absence of mythological personages, a lack of exotic flavor, of unhampered imagination, of mysterious charm, of literary finish and artistic perfection. All this is granted. But with the simple, rudely sketched medieval Christians of the French epic we recognize our relationship as with no other characters in all epic literature. They lived under the same religious and ethical system as ourselves. They were neither gods nor saints, but average men with high ideals.

After comparing other forms of medieval French literature, one may affirm that the religion shadowed forth in the *chansons de geste* is the religion of the average crusader. A great quantity of the literature which has survived from the feudal age in the vulgar tongue is avowedly and, as it were, professionally religious; there are, for instance, the mysteries, the miracles, and the saints' lives. These are all didactic *genres*, written in most cases by clerks who held up an ideal of worldly self-sacrifice and asceticism which rarely could have been aimed at or attained by the average man. The

chansons de geste, on the other hand, show us simply the sturdy faith of the Christian warrior, and narrate the works accomplished by that faith. It is our purpose to point out the salient features in the code of a medieval French warrior. We shall show the average warrior as he was before the refined subtleties of Provençal and chivalric poets had changed him into a knight engaged solely in woman service.

The foremost and most constant element in the hero's character is his *trust in God*. This trust is unwavering; it is availing under all circumstances; it invites to bold undertakings and it comforts in adversity. A few quotations from the poems themselves will serve to show that the heroes had a working faith. When Aymeri offers to guard his city of Narbonne for Charles, the Emperor reminds him that he is poor and will need money. But Aymeri replies with a practical trust:

Is not God above in His Heaven, who is powerful for ever without end? I believe in Him unfeignedly that He will aid me, and that right early. (Aymeri de Narbonne, 762-765.)

When the hero, Gaydon, is about to engage in single battle with the traitor Thiebaut, Riol comforts Gaydon with this assurance:

I know of a truth that you will defeat Thiebaut because God and the right will be on your side. (Gaydon, p. 28.)

Again, when Guilbert is restored to his baptized Saracen bride, Agaïete, she betrays her natural anxiety for their future. But Guilbert comforts his solicitous spouse with the confident words:

Lady, that is in God's hands. (Prise de Cordres, 2529.)

More mystic is the faith of the thoroughly religious Nalmon who, when

hard pressed by the Saracens, assures his men:

In Paradise the Lord God awaits us. I hear the angels, who are round about us and waiting for our souls. (Aquin, 1573-1575.)

So at Roncesvalles, at the moment of the supreme struggle, the fighting Bishop Turpin blesses his men and tells them:

If you die you will be holy martyrs and will have places in Paradise. (Roland, 1134, 1135.)

Thus, everywhere faith in the God of battles urges on the Christian warrior to do his best and die in the struggle. Yet there is no divine interposition, no infraction of natural laws. Without exception the French leaders are men of prayer. They pray, not in expectation of a miracle, but to voice the "soul's sincere desire." Not only in times of sorrow and heaviness, but in the flush of excitement of personal combat, the hero takes time to pray and to partake of Communion. These prayers and ceremonies of Communion are recorded with touching simplicity. They show how bound up was the hero's faith in a God who compassed him about and who was a very present help. To strive for this God, to fight in the defence of His righteous cause against the infidels, is the primary motive of the action in the majority of the *chansons de geste* which have been preserved. The French epic shows mankind believing in a personal God of infinite power, whose aid may be invoked in any righteous cause. For such a God the average warrior would cheerfully lay down his life. No other faith can account for such an unparalleled enterprise as the Crusades.

Next to his unwavering faith, the most notable trait of the feudal hero, as depicted in our poems, is his *loyalty*. This essentially feudal characteristic

is the basis of dealings between men. Under the feudal régime loyalty was hardly a virtue; to keep faith was a necessity. The moment that faith was broken between lord and vassal the chain of social and political relationship was interrupted. It was as if credit should cease in modern business methods. But it is of something more than an unsentimental conformity with a social *modus vivendi* that we are thinking. It is of a type of loyalty which was profoundly sentimental, and which was far too noble to be practised for revenue only. Indeed there is no more frequently recurring verse than this: "A man finds out his friend in time of need." The commonest form of loyalty was, of course, that shown by the warrior to his king or overlord. The "Roland" is full of such expressions of unflinching loyalty. Just before the battle Roland says to Oliver:

It is right for us to be here for our King's sake. For his lord a man ought to suffer distress, and endure great heat and cold, and, if need be, lose his skin and his hair. (Roland, 1009-1012.)

The translation is literal, and the last detail leaves little doubt of the completeness of the self-sacrifice. Turpin more briefly states the same creed:

My lords, Charles has left us here. For our King's sake we must die like men. (Roland, 1127-1129.)

Upon another occasion Fierabras refuses to avoid danger with the assertion:

He who forsakes his lord has no right to open his mouth. Because I see the French turning in flight, if I should do the same where then could any trust be placed? It is in times of stress that one can test his friend. (Fierabras, pp. 7, 8.)

The whole code of personal loyalty between vassal and lord is most beauti-

fully imaged forth by that grand old hero Guillaume d'Orange:

Cursed be the tree planted in the vineyard which gives in summer no shade to its master. (*Les Enfances Vivien*, 335, 336.)

The kind of loyalty which has just been described was probably the most natural expression of the trait to the Medieval Frenchman because it was the key-stone of the system under which he lived. Treachery was the unpardonable sin of feudalism, to be wiped out only by death. But alongside of this political loyalty stood another, still more admirable and more modern in tone. It was loyalty between sworn friends—*compagnons* as they were called in the language of the period. This comradeship was a voluntary relation, into which two men entered. Such relationship is not without precedent in classic literature; but here we find it hallowed by the bonds of Christian brotherhood. Roland and Oliver are, of course, the names which will occur to everyone in this connection. But there are other examples of this voluntary and utterly uncalled-for fraternity. We intentionally choose the most extraordinary instance of this brotherly love between friends with which we are familiar. In the poem of "*Amis et Amiles*" Amile discovers that only by a bath in the blood of his two sons can his friend Ami be cured of the dire disease with which he is smitten. He instinctively recoils from resorting to such a remedy. It is the heart-breaking sacrifice of a father's love to the duty of friendship. Amile consents, in these words of unwavering steadfastness, to perform his duty toward his friend:

In order that you may gain your health I would do anything, I say it without reserve. For it is in time of need that one can test who is his friend and who

it is that really loves him. (*Amis et Amiles*, 2854-2857.)

It is a pleasure to find the editor of the poem in accord with our conviction that "the moral of the story is that loyalty between friends, even to the sacrifice of one's own life, is well pleasing to God." Note that there is no asceticism or romance in this sacrifice. Saints and martyrs are common enough in medieval literature who are willing to lose their own life here below in order to find again their own life in a better world; and knights a-plenty there are of those of the Round Table who will risk their life for a lorn lady in distress or for the more futile bauble of victory in a tourney. But here we are dealing with an average father, who surrenders his own sons to heal a friend. No further insistence upon the medieval conception of heroism is necessary. It begins to appear that the medieval Frenchman not only knew what was an availing faith in God; he had also a very clear conception of a fundamental relationship in modern society—"friendship, the master-passion."

No more incumbent upon the hero is it to possess faith and practise loyalty than to preserve his own fair name untarnished. Here we touch upon the great medieval sentiment of personal honor. It is not a peculiarly Christian sentiment, nor is it exclusively manifested in French literature. It was common to European chivalry, and has been handed down to us in its essential traits as a precious heritage from our medieval ancestors. A study of medieval literature leads us to suppose that "honor" was writ large as the first article in the medieval code of ethics. It was the first sentiment to be instilled in the heart of the young warrior by the society which surrounded him. All his later education and experiences only deepened the con-

viction that all could pardonably be lost save honor. When we remember that to many men of our own day honor is their only religion, it is worth while to enquire the value which the Middle Age put upon a sentiment which was destined to play such a part in safeguarding modern institutions. We may find that there was a little too much conceit, a little too much pride in this jealousy of honor; but we must admit that the influence was thoroughly wholesome in a time of great license, and that the medieval cult of honor made possible the modern gentleman.

To guard one's honor evidently meant originally to keep one's reputation unspotted from the charge of cowardice. To be brave was the prime virtue in an age when fighting was a business. To be pointed at as a coward was the greatest humiliation man could receive. Better die a thousand times than survive to be ridiculed in mocking verse as a coward. That this solicitude for reputation was a potent incentive to physical and moral courage will be made evident by the following passages. Roland, speaking with Oliver just before the battle, reminds him:

Now let each see to it that he deal vallant blows, so that no mocking song may be sung about him. The Pagans are in the wrong and the Christians are in the right. A bad example shall never be given by me. (Roland, 1013-1016.)

When urged to sound his horn, the same Roland refuses:

God grant that my family may never be ashamed for me, and that fair France may never fall into opprobrium. (Roland, 1062-1064.)

Still more vigorous is the declaration of one who rises from a bed of sickness to fight:

I should rather eat my precious steed than that any evil counsel should pro-

ceed from my mouth. (Garin le Loherain, I, 279.)

We may note, finally, the defiance hurled back from the walls by a proud vassal who has been summoned to surrender his castle:

In vain you address me. For if I had one foot in Paradise and the other in my castle of Naisil, I would draw back the foot from Paradise and fix it in the castle of Naisil. (Garin de Loherain, I, 232.)

There was and there is nothing more appealing than bravery. Doubtless it has always been a quality which found favor in men's eyes. In our day we place moral courage above physical bravery because we are seldom called upon to defend our position by force of arms. The great victories nowadays are the moral victories. But in the Middle Age the common method of maintaining one's rights, whether moral or physical, was an appeal to arms. Hence physical bravery was a necessity. In that society a fight was the recognized sequel to an infringement of right. The next best thing to winning was to die bravely. Arbitration had no place. Consequently vengeance and retribution followed close upon insult and injury. Frightful cruelty followed as the instrument of vengeance, as always in more primitive societies, showing us that the charity which "suffereth long and is kind" was an unknown virtue to the average man. Love to all men will perhaps be the last lesson in the Christian code to be learned by poor humanity.

We have now a sufficient outline of the character of a medieval French warrior. We have seen that he had a practical faith, that he was loyal to his friends, and that he was a jealous guardian of his personal and family honor. The traits we have noticed do very well for a fighting man, fighting

in the defence of a just cause. But perhaps it will seem that the portrait is incomplete. Was there nothing but fighting in the life of an average man? We should like to know what our hero would do under other circumstances. Without indulging in a lengthy exposition it is possible to fill in some of the missing details by reference to the later *chansons de geste*. Here, as has been said before, we shall find that our hero has been somewhat affected by the growing popularity in literature of knight-errantry and woman service. He is more elegant, refined and self-conscious. But his business is still the same as of old—fighting the enemies of his God and all traitors. Herein lies the ineffaceable distinction between the epic hero and the adventurous chevalier: the former fought because he had to do so, and because it was his business; the latter fought occasionally, for pleasure, because no gentleman's reputation was good otherwise. The chevalier was a dilettante, fighting at tournaments for prizes; the epic hero fought to defend his country, his family, or his God. However, we shall see now how the later poems reflect the refinement that passed into feudal society in the twelfth century.

Upon the departure of a young warrior from his father's house it was customary for his parents to give him some sage directions for his guidance in the larger world into which he was about to enter. These pieces of advice were called *chastisements* or *enseignements*, and contain the details we need to complete our conception of the social code of a gentleman. The instructions given to Laertes by Polonius in "Hamlet," I, iii, are a medieval survival, and offer an interesting parallel with the following *enseignements*. In a late poem the mother of Huon de Bordeaux dismisses him and his brother with this counsel:

My boys, you are going to court. I beg that you will give no heed to wicked flatterers. Make friends with the best men. Remember to go to church and to show reverence and honor for the clergy. Give gladly to the poor. Be courteous and generous. So shall you be loved and held the more dear. (Huon de Bordeaux, p. 18.)

More detailed is this extract from the advice given to young Aiol by his father:

My son, don't play chess or checkers. . . . Don't make love to another man's wife, for that is a sin displeasing to God; if she loves you, let her alone. And take good care not to get drunk, for know well that drunkenness is vile. If you see an honest man, serve him, and get up if you are sitting down. Honor all men, the small as well as the great. See to it that you mock no poor man, for in doing so you would lose rather than gain. (Aiol, p. 165 f.)

Continuing, the father bids his son avoid traitors, to eat plenty but not to drink too much, to care well for his horse, and commends him thus into God's keeping.

When his father dismisses Doon de Malence upon a certain occasion he gives him three pages of practical suggestions for his guidance.

Ask your way always of honest people, but don't trust a stranger. Every day go to Mass and give to the poor all you have, for God will return it twofold. Be open-handed with all men, for the more you give the more honor you will acquire and the richer you will become. . . . Salute every one whom you meet, and if you owe any thing you must pay it willingly. . . . My son, do not mix in your neighbor's business, nor quarrel with him in the presence of others, for if he knows anything against you he will tell it, and some will hear it who will put you to shame. . . . Honor all the clergy and speak to them politely; but let them get as little as possible of your money; for the more they get of it the more ridi-

culed you will be. . . . And if you wish to save your honor, do not become involved in something about which you know nothing, nor pretend to be master of a subject before you have learned it. And if you have a servant, don't let him sit beside you at table. . . . And when you have something which you wish to keep secret, be sure and do not tell it to your wife if you have one. For if she knows it, you will repent of what you have done the very first time you displease her about anything. . . . Above all else, remember this. (Doon de Malence, pp. 73-76.)

It will be noted that these details fit in fairly well with the character that has been outlined in the preceding pages. There are no glaring inconsistencies. The details just quoted show that our hero was unromantic, that he knew how to take care of himself, and had a working code of ethics for his government in even the most commonplace situations.

It is time to review the results gained by this method of examination. It is a suggestive method to apply to any mass of popular literature, but especially so when the material concerned is the popular and naive expression of a society of which we are undeniably the heirs. It is further appropriate to study the ideals of the *dramatis personæ* in the *chansons de geste*, because these poems delighted for more than two centuries, in their present form, a people who were the leaders in medieval civilization. To this people our debt is incalculable.

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The literary influence of the *chansons de geste* is negligible. They have left no direct literary inheritance. The material which they treated has not reappeared in modern dress. They were at first influenced and then superseded, by the romances of adventure. Like the society which they delighted, they ceased to exist about 1300. Dealing exclusively with events, they are realistic, and hence not suited to such a spiritual treatment as has been happily accorded in our own day to the French romances of adventure at the hands of Tennyson. Instead of imagination and of artistic finish, they offer us the unflattered portrait of the medieval average man—a man without the frills of a later and more corrupt society, but a good man and true withal. Men of the type of Roland, Oliver, Naimon, Guillaume, Vivien, and Ogier are men of the right stripe. Because of their high-mindedness they would be an ornament to any age. Their characteristic traits are not hard to outline, for their vices, like their virtues, were deep-dyed. Above all, they were men of principle, such as would be quick in our day to fight the battle of righteousness. They were faithful allies and uncompromising opponents. The French epic poems bear abundant testimony to the statement that, for the type of Christian gentleman who quits himself with honor in the stress of life, we must seek the literary origins in the twelfth century.

William Wistar Comfort.

AMERICA: AN EPILOGUE.

A traveller visiting a strange land takes for granted the simpler virtues. He notes with gratitude and without surprise the generous practice of hospitality. He recognizes that the hus-

bandman, patiently tolling on his farm, *adscriptus glebae*, holds in his toil-worn hands the destiny of his country. He knows that the excellent work done in tranquil seclusion by men of letters

and scholars will outlast the braggart achievements of well-advertised millionaires and "prominent" citizens. Fortunately such virtues as these are the common inheritance of all peoples. They are not characteristic of this nation or of that. They belong, like air and sunlight, to the whole civilized world. And it is not by similarities, but by differences, that the traveller arrives at a vivid impression of a foreign land. Especially in America do the softer shades and quieter subtleties escape the unaccustomed eye. The swift energies, the untiring restlessness, the universal haste, obscure the amenities of life more darkly there than elsewhere. The frank contempt of law and blood which receives a daily illustration, must needs take a firmer hold of the observer than the peaceful tillage of the fields and the silent acquisition of knowledge. America is unhappy in that she is still making her history, not one episode of which a vigilant and lupine press will suffer to go unrecorded. Graft and corruption stalk abroad, public and unashamed. The concentration of vast wealth in a few pockets results, on the one hand, in a lowering of the commercial code, on the other, in a general diffusion of poverty. These are some of the traits which mark America off from the other nations, and these traits none with a sense of the picturesque can ever overlook.

Yet it is not these traits which make the deepest impression upon the returning traveller. As he leaves the shores of America he forgets for the moment her love of money and of boodle, he forgets her superb energy and hunger for life, he forgets the exquisite taste shown by the most delicately refined of her citizens. He remembers most vividly that he is saying good-bye to the oldest land on earth. It is an irony of experience that the inhabitants of the United States are wont to describe

themselves as a young people. They delight to excuse their extravagances on the ground of youth. When they grow older (they tell you) they will take another view of politics and of conduct. And the truth is that old age long ago overtook them. America is not, never was, young. She sprang, ready-made, from the head of a Pilgrim Father, the oldest of God's creatures. Being an old man's daughter, she has escaped the virtues and vices of an irresponsible childhood. In the primitive history of the land her ancestors took no part. They did not play with flint-knives and set up dolmens where New York now stands. They did not adorn themselves with woad and feathers. The Prince Albert coat (or its equivalent) was always more appropriate to their ambition. In vain you will search the United States for the signs of youth. Wherever you cast your eye you will find the signal proofs of an eager, grasping age. Youth loiters and is glad, listening to the songs of birds, wondering at the flowers which carpet the meadow, and recking not of the morrow. America is grave and in a hurry. She is not content to fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden age. The one hope of her citizens is to get to Wall Street as quickly as possible, that they may add to their already useless hoard of dollars. For this purpose they have perfected all those material appliances which increase the rapidity and ease of life. They would save their labor as strenuously as they would add to their fortunes. A telephone at every bed-head has made the toll of letter-writing superfluous. A thousand ingenious methods of "transportation" have taken away the necessity of walking. There is no reason why in the years to come hand and foot should not both be atrophied. But there is nothing young in this sedulous suppression of toll. Youth is prodigal of time

and of itself. Youth boasts of strength and prowess to do great deeds, not of skill to pile millions upon millions, a Pellon upon an Ossa of wealth. Nor in the vain luxury of New York can we detect anything save the signs of age. It is only in modern America that the mad extravagance of Nero's Rome may be matched. There, in truth, the banquet of Trimalchio might be presented without surprise and without reproach. It differs from what are known as "freak dinners" only in the superiority of its invention and in the perfection of its table-talk. In brief, the fantastic ambition of a "cottage" at Newport, as of Trimalchio's villa in Southern Italy, is the ambition, not of primitive, reckless, pleasure-loving youth, but of an old age, sated and curious, which hurries to decay.

Again, it is not a young people which cries aloud "too old at forty!" In the childhood of the world, the voice of age is the voice of wisdom. It is for Nestor that Homer claims the profoundest respect, and to-day America is teaching us, who are only too willing to learn the baneful lesson, that knowledge and energy die with youth. Once upon a time I met an American who had returned from his first visit to Europe, and when I asked what was the vividdest impression he brought from thence, he replied: "I was surprised to see an old man like the German Emperor doing so much work." In our more youthful eyes the German Emperor has but crossed the threshold of life. The years of his mature activity lie before him, we believe, like an untrodden road. But for the American, worn out before his time by the weight of time and the stress of affairs William II. already hastens to his decline, and clings to the reins of office with the febrile courage of an old man.

And all the while America is sublimely unconscious that her childhood

is gone. Though with the hypochondria of advancing years she demands a doctor for her soul, she knows not from what disease she suffers. She does not pray for a Medea to thrust her into a cauldron of rejuvenescence. With a bluff optimism she declares that she is still the youngest of the nations, and boasts that when she has grown up to the height of her courage and activity she will make triumphant even her bold experiment in democracy. Not upon her has the divine injunction descended: *Γνώθι σεαυτὸν*. She who knows so much knows not herself. How should she, when she is composed of so many and so diverse elements? And lacking self-knowledge, she lacks humor. With the best will in the world, she cannot see the things about her in a true proportion. The blithe atmosphere, clear as crystal, sparkling as champagne, in which she lives, persuades her to take a too serious and favorable view of her own character. And let it be remembered that with her optimism she still treasures the sentimentality of her Puritan ancestors. She is a true idealist, who loves nothing so dearly as "great thoughts." She delights in the phrases and aspirations which touch the heart more nearly than the head. Though her practice does not always square with her theory, especially in the field of politics, she is indefatigable in the praise of freedom, equality, and the other commonplaces of democracy. The worst is, that she cannot laugh at herself. Her gravity and sensitiveness still lie, like stumbling-blocks, in her path. She accepts the grim adulation of such unwise citizens as Mr. Carnegie as no more than her due. If only she could dismiss the flattery of her admirers with an outburst of Gargantuan hilarity, all virtues might be added unto her. But, as I have said, she lacks this one thing. She is the home of humorists and no humor. A

thousand jesters minister to her amusement, and she pays them handsomely. More jokes are made within her borders in a day than suffice the rest of the globe for a year. And the laughter which they provoke is not spontaneous. You can hear the creak of the machine as it goes to work. Indeed, the ever-present jester is a proof that humor is an exotic, which does not grow naturally on the soil, and does not belong more intimately to the American people than did the cumbersome jokes of Archie Armstrong to the monarch who employed him. The humor which simplifies life, and detects a spice of ridicule even in the operations of business and politics, is rarely found in America. Nor is its absence remarkable. The Americans are absorbed from early youth to ripe old age in the pursuit of success. In whatever path they walk they are determined to triumph. Sport for them is less an amusement than a chance to win. When they embark upon business, as the most of them do, their ambition is insatiable. They are consumed by the passion of money-making. The hope of victory makes them despise toil and renounce pleasure. Gladly will they deprive themselves of rest and lead laborious lives. The battle and its booty are their own reward. They count their gathered dollars with the same pride wherewith the conquering general counts his prisoners of war. But the contest marks their faces with the lines of care, and leaves them beggared of gaiety. How can they take themselves other than seriously when millions depend upon their nod? They have specialized their energies to one end and purpose—the making of money; and in the process, as an American once said to me, they forget to eat, they forget to live. More obviously still, they forget to laugh. The comedy of their own career is never revealed to them.

Their very slang displays their purpose: they are "out for the stuff," and they will not let it escape them. A kind of sanctity hangs about money. It is not a thing to be taken lightly; it is no proper subject for a jest. And as money and its quest absorb the best energies of America, it follows that America is distinguished by a high seriousness with which Europe is powerless to compete. However far a profession may be removed from the mart, profit is its end. Brilliant research, fortunate achievement—these also are means, like buying and selling. In scholarship, as in commerce, money is still the measure of success. Dr. Münsterberg, a well-known professor at Harvard, has recorded the opinion of a well-known English scholar, which, with the doctor's comment, throws a clearer light upon the practice of America than a page of argument. "America will not have first-class scholarship," said the Englishman, "in the sense in which Germany or England has it, till every professor in the leading universities has at least ten thousand dollars salary, and the best scholars receive twenty-five thousand dollars." Dr. Münsterberg refused at first to accept this conclusion of the pessimist, but, says he, the years have convinced him. Scholars must be paid generously in the current coin, or they will not respect their work. It is not greed, precisely, which drives the American along the road of money-getting. It is, as I have said, a frank pride in the spoils, a pride which is the consistent enemy of light-heartedness, and which speedily drives those whom it possesses into a grave melancholy.

This, then, is the dominant impression which America gives the traveller—the impression of a serious old gentleman, whom not even success will persuade to laugh at his own foibles. And there is another quality of the

land, of which the memory will never fade. America is apprehensive. She has tentacles strong and far-reaching, like the tentacles of a cuttle-fish. She seizes the imagination as no other country seizes it. If you stayed long within her borders, you would be absorbed into her citizenship and her energies like the enthusiastic immigrant.

Blackwood's Magazine.

You would speak her language with a proper emphasis and becoming accent. A few weeks passed upon her soil seem to give you the familiarity of long use and custom. "Have I been here for years?" you ask after a brief sojourn. "Can it be possible I have ever lived anywhere else?"

Charles Whibley.

THE POWER OF THE KEYS.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MAN OF MANY WILES

Slowly and as if dazed, Janie made her way back down the slope which she had climbed with such high hopes. She dropped her water-bottle, and the little that remained in it was spilt, but she took it up again mechanically when she reached the ground. There she hesitated a moment. Why not walk slowly back towards the camp, or at any rate sit down and wait to be captured? She was terribly tired, and the sun's rays, which seemed to have lost none of their power, beat upon her unprotected head.

"It's a good thing he wouldn't let me go with him, if walking this little way has knocked me up!" she said to herself, but as she said it she knew that it would have been very different if she had been allowed to care for him as in their earlier wanderings he had cared for her. She could have kept up bravely then. "But I must go on!" she cried, with sudden recollection. "I have to lead the pursuit away from him, of course. That was what he was going to do for me."

She turned her face resolutely down the nullah, and dragged herself painfully over the rough ground for half an hour longer. Then she sat down to shake the loose stones out of her damaged shoe, and fell into a kind of doze.

The sound of voices roused her, and with the calmness of despair she looked up to see the lieutenant and a party of soldiers confronting her. They did not appear exactly triumphant, but though she could not flatter herself they were sorry for her, the reason for their disappointment eluded her mind.

"Well, mademoiselle!" said the lieutenant not unkindly; "you have been as unsuccessful as ourselves, it seems. I think you will hardly run away again in thin shoes. What have you done to your water-bottle?"

"It dropped. The water was spilt," she answered, hardly able to speak, and he called up one of his men and told him to let her drink from his.

"Now, if I may trouble you, mademoiselle. You will probably prefer to put on your shoe?" as Janie tried to stand. She obeyed, and accepted meekly the help of his hand to rise stiffly to her feet. She could never afterwards remember much about that journey back to the camp. At the time it was a vague phantasmagoria of rocks which seemed mountainous to look at but collapsed like feather-beds when she set foot on them, of angry expostulations from the lieutenant, and frantic clutchings at his reluctant arm. Somehow, quite unexpectedly they were in the camp, and the wavering forms of tents and men crystallized

into the figure of the captain. He alone stood still, and everything else seemed to revolve slowly round him. She saw, without understanding it, a swift glance of inquiry pass from him to the lieutenant, to be succeeded by evident disappointment.

"And pray, mademoiselle, why did you run away?" he demanded and his voice enabled her to collect her thoughts.

"It was a sudden impulse, monsieur. The sentry was not looking, and I started just as I was."

"You had no confederate—no message?"

"None, monsieur. From whom——?" Everything was wavering again, and the captain's face and the buttons of his uniform were like pieces of a Chinese puzzle.

"You will be guarded against such impulses in future, mademoiselle. I have orders to send you back to Bala immediately, and until you start you will not leave your tent."

"Oh, please, may I go and lie down?" asked Janie irrelevantly. She did not know what answer she received, but in some way she had arrived at her own tent, and she had just strength enough left to reach her bed. "Fever, of course," was her last conscious thought. "It must have been the sun. I ought to get some quinine. Burree will bring it me when she comes back from hospital."

There was no question of Janie's returning to Bala on the morrow, for she was down with fever, much to the perturbation of the surgeon, who tried to make use of any intervals of consciousness to inquire how she ought to be treated, receiving contradictory answers which almost drove him to despair. Prince George was able to throw a little light on the subject, and the patient herself possessed a good constitution and a professional instinct of obedience which stood her in

good stead, so that five days after her attempted escape she was able to recall its circumstances. One thought then tormented her perpetually.

"Was I delirious? Did I talk much?" she asked the surgeon, as lightly as possible, at the earliest opportunity. She had grown so much accustomed lately to speaking French and Hindustani that she might only too probably have used either unconsciously and fatally.

"A great deal, but chiefly in English. One night you were painfully excited. You asked me repeatedly, '*Vat ees caive een Frainch?*'" he imitated her pronunciation. "At last I carried the question to the Prince, who was able to interpret it. I returned and consoled you with the word *souterrain*, which seemed to afford you the keenest of pleasure. You repeated it in a happy voice, and appeared to sleep."

"How funny!" said Janie, with a terrible sinking of heart as she realized how nearly she must have betrayed Arbutnot's hiding-place. "Things return to one so curiously. We took refuge in caves several times as we came from Bala and I was always afraid there might be bears. But of course I had Ghulam Qadir with me."

"Ah, of course, and on your return journey you will be abundantly guarded." He watched her narrowly, noting the wave of dismay which swept over her at the prospect, then spoke abruptly. "Sister, I know why you are afraid of being sent back to Bala. There was a letter from Prince Pavel Bakhmatoff to Prince George here. We have amused ourselves with it considerably." Janie gazed at him in speechless disgust, and he hurried on. "Do not fear me; I am your friend. I have no reason to love these nobles, not I. I will contrive delays. You cannot travel yet, then I can gain a day or two by declaring that I need your help with Mikhail, and when we

can delay no more I have still a plan."

"You are very kind," said Janie, in a humiliated voice. She disliked the man, and disliked yet more feeling indebted to him, but she could hardly refuse the proffered help. It was merely pride, she told herself, that prejudiced her against him. No doubt he was thoroughly worthy in his own way, and it would be the height of foolishness to make an enemy of him. The thought that she would not for some days be in danger of being sent to Bala was in itself soothing and she was glad to give up the hopeless task of trying to plan an escape. The surgeon gathered from her face that she was disposed to trust him, and nodded confidently to himself as he left her.

As it happened, the course of events played into his hands. When he approached her tent the next morning, the sentry stepped forward to meet him, making a sign for silence, and handed him something small and white. It was a paper, neatly wrapped round a small pebble, and on the paper there was writing. He glanced up sharply.

"It fell close to the tent just after sunrise," explained the sentry in a hoarse whisper. "I could not see where it came from, but I think it was from up there." He pointed to the rocks encircling the camp.

"And she does not know? It did not wake her?"

"It made scarcely any noise, and fell on the edge of the tent-cloth. I picked it up at once. She may be still asleep."

"Good. This must go to the captain immediately. If any more come, take care she does not see them."

He assured himself that Janie was not awake, and sought the captain at once with his prize. His first impulse had been to keep it to himself, but unfortunately, the writing was in English and Prince George, the only available translator, could not be relied

upon for secrecy. But the doctor did his best to give necessity the air of very shining virtue as he approached his commanding officer with intense mystery, and laid the missive in his hand.

"This fell close to the prisoner's tent this morning. It could hardly have been thrown from the rocks, but a sling or an air-gun might have sent it. She knows nothing."

"Good!" said the captain curtly. "What is it—English? Where's the Prince? Come, lieutenant."

Prince George, with the paper spread before him, smiled as he read it through and translated it hastily into French.

"*Dear Miss Wright*,—I have only just heard of your unpleasant position, but I hope soon to have you out of it. The best chance of rescue would, I imagine, be on your way back to Bala. Poor Ghulam Qadir was not the only person who knew the secret paths, you remember. The man who carries this is trustworthy. If you show yourself for a minute or two before sunset outside your tent, he will know that you are still in the camp, and if you look up to the rocks on the north side, he will understand that you are to be taken back to Bala immediately. If you can manage it without observation, wave your hand to show that you have received this, and I will send you further directions.

"Believe me, yours truly,

"A. Brooke."

"Who is this Brooke?" demanded the captain.

"An old fox," was Prince George's reply. "He is a great hunter and knows these parts well, and he led the party of prisoners that escaped from Bala."

"Ah, and he knows the secret paths? It is clear that we must have him. He has given us the means, I think."

"Make mademoiselle answer the letter, and use her as a bait," suggested

the lieutenant. The captain shook his head.

"No, I won't admit her into the secret if I can help it. You can never tell what wild thing a woman will do, and sometimes she is successful. I think that, with the help of our good doctor, we may make her useful unknown to herself. The important thing, you see, is that she should appear outside her tent this evening and look up at the rocks. I suggest, doctor, that you should recommend to your patient a little gentle exercise. With the help of your arm, she could surely accomplish a few steps and it would hardly be beyond your ingenuity to direct her attention to the cliffs. Seeing you in such close attendance, the messenger will not expect her to wave her hand."

"And meanwhile, I take two men and come upon the miscreant from behind?" cried the lieutenant eagerly.

"No!" thundered the captain again. "It is Brooke we want, not his tool. The messenger escapes, unsuspecting because unsuspected, as he believes—returns to Brooke, receives the further instructions and returns here. Then we intercept him."

"While Miss Wright will have been despatched to Bala at earliest dawn tomorrow?" suggested Prince George. The captain turned upon him with good-humored despair.

"Am I the only man here who can follow a tangled clue?" he cried. "Mademoiselle must be visible in the camp, or the messenger will not deliver his promised instructions. Then we shall know where the attempt is to be made, and shall act first."

"My patient is really not well enough to venture outside the tent today," observed the surgeon hesitatingly.

"So much the better. Otherwise we should have to invent a reason for detaining her here a day or two longer.

If she has a return of the fever, even Prince Pavel must be satisfied."

"How can this man Brooke have heard she is here?" asked the lieutenant, fingering the paper. "Can the servant have reached Gajnipur after all?"

"It would have been better to shoot him," said the captain regretfully. "But no; is he not bringing us another prisoner in his place? Brooke does not guess how warmly he will be welcomed here—the excellent and cunning Brooke!"

Janie was much perplexed that afternoon by the surgeon's determination that she should get up and try to walk a little. She did not feel able even to stand, and she was quite certain she ought not to attempt it, but a convincing reason was at hand.

"It is to deceive the Prince," said the surgeon. "He will write to his friend Prince Pavel that I am hastening your recovery in every possible way, and Prince Pavel will be content. If you are thrown back, it is only my excess of zeal that is to be blamed. I will support you. Now, do you not find the air agreeable? How fine is the aspect of the cliffs, dark in the sunset! See, what was that? Why, what a fool I am! I thought for a moment I saw a man up there. Let us turn this way."

Janie had looked up eagerly, shading her eyes with her hand. She saw nothing, but her companion's furtive glances and sudden starts almost convinced her that he was more fortunate. The intruder could not be Arbuthnot, still tied by weakness to the neighborhood of the camp, or perhaps wandering in a circle till he came back to it? At the thought a deadly faintness came over her, and the surgeon was obliged almost to carry her back to the tent.

"That is excellent!" he said consolingly, as he laid her on her bed. "After this, you cannot possibly be

moved for several days. Do you doubt now that the wit and devotion of a plain man are potent even against the power of princes?"

The word "devotion" lingered unpleasantly in Janie's mind, and she had a vague feeling that the surgeon's wit needed a good deal of co-operation from herself, but in the relapse that followed that evening's exertion she was too ill to be conscious of anything more than that a new cause for alarm had in some way been added to those already existing. It was disagreeable to find, as she grew better, that her doctor seemed to have learnt nothing from the unfortunate results of his heroic treatment, but was most anxious that she should get up and sit at her tent-door under an awning, though he would graciously excuse her from walking about. To secure her compliance he appealed to her gratitude. He was under suspicion, he said. It was quite clear that the captain was beginning to believe he was in league with her, and scheming, at her desire, to keep her from being sent back to Bala—and did she wish him to ruin his career because he had tried to help her? The lack of generosity in the man's nature disclosed by the plea revealed his character very clearly to Janie, but she shut her lips tightly, and allowed herself to be helped out and established in the chair—only to find that she was to be allowed to stay there as long as the doctor was with her, and no longer. He brought another chair and settled himself near her evidently anxious to talk.

"In this tormenting uncertainty, I think it best to make you acquainted with my plan, Sister," he said. "I cannot discover from the captain whether you are to be left in peace here longer or not, and if you are suddenly sent back to Bala we may have no opportunity of coming to any agreement."

This was so far true that the captain declined to formulate any plan of action until he had seen Mr. Brooke's "instructions" to Janie, and the surgeon was inclined to plume himself on his adroit manipulation of facts. It was unfortunate for his purpose that he felt obliged at this moment to give a violent start and look up at the cliff, drawing Janie's attention thither so completely that she did not for some time realize that he had returned to his subject, and was suggesting that she should marry him. She withdrew her eyes from the cliff in consternation.

"But it is quite impossible, monsieur!" she cried.

"You have not followed what I say, Sister. I will get leave to escort you to Bala, I tell you, on the plea that you are still dangerously ill, and before reaching the end of the journey, I will hurry on and secure the services of Papa Sergel, the Chaplain who is my cousin. He will protect you, even if he cannot arrange matters that day."

"But think of the injury you would do your prospects!" urged Janie desperately. "You told me just now that you were already in trouble for your kindness to me."

"Oh, that is for the present. I look forward to the future. You will assist me in the care of the sick; we shall obtain good results. My name will become known; perhaps I shall even be decorated. After the war—well, my work will come to the knowledge of the Empress. I have a hold on the paymaster, and he has a brother a clerk in the office of one of the Imperial estates. I shall be appointed to inquire into the organization of the army hospitals—a fine opportunity. Imagine—not only a liberal salary, but innumerable presents from officials who fear that I shall report upon them adversely. A handsome fortune and a high official position—that I am cer-

tain to attain, and you will rise with me!"

"But you are not even qualified!" said Janie cruelly.

"That? Oh, that is a mere detail," he assured her. "We shall arrange it easily, when we have a little money in hand. I could have managed it before if I had not trusted a scoundrel who robbed me of my last rouble without bringing about the promised arrangement. You see, then, that though a marriage with you may prove disadvantageous to me at present, I expect to be fully repaid in the future."

Janie did see this with great clearness, and it may have lent some asperity to her answer: "Do not fear, monsieur; the repayment will not be needed. You shall not sacrifice yourself."

"My esteem for you makes it no sacrifice, Sister. You will observe that I base my project on what I know of your powers."

"Still, you will be glad to be assured that it isn't needed. If I am ordered back to Bala I shall go." Her eyes were straying again to the cliff, and she went on rather inconsequently. "I suppose it was a foolish thing to try to escape. My friend and I were in a sort of panic, and the means of escape were at hand, and it seemed as though it was meant that I should go. But I suppose it wasn't."

The surgeon did not seem to find Janie's mental conflicts interesting. "The reason for your flight remains what it was," he said. "To it you have already sacrificed the life of the unfortunate man who passed as your servant." Her quick glance of anxiety pleased him for it showed that she suspected nothing, and he rose abruptly. "We have discussed this long enough. I will help you back into the tent. Once you are on the way to Bala, I think you will be glad

to remember that an honest man is prepared to make your future his care."

"Or rather, his future my care!" thought Janie rebelliously, as he gave her his arm. She considered herself an unsentimental person, but the exclusively businesslike aspect of the surgeon's wooing roused her to active resentment. "The only thing that would make me consent to marry him would be the assurance that he would never get any of the benefits he expects!" she said to herself, and felt better.

Outside the tent the sentry had taken up his position before the door, while the surgeon lurked in the rear. He it was who heard the soft thud on the edge of the tent-cloth when the sentry's back was turned, and caught up a second message wrapped round a pebble, at the same time firing off his revolver. The next moment his apologetic voice reached Janie.

"A thousand pardons, Sister. I hope you were not startled? It had jammed and I was examining it. How came I to be so frightfully clumsy? I might have shot my thumb off."

Janie answered faintly that she was not startled, but as a matter of fact the shot fired so close at hand had carried her thoughts back to Arbuthnot's last warning, though she had not had time to put it in practice, and the surgeon went off to the captain's tent. Prince George was already there, the lieutenant was not, for the reason that he had been spending the afternoon hidden among the rocks with three of his men waiting until the revolver-shot should warn him that the messenger was at the top of the cliff. Without waiting for his return, the paper was unrolled, and Prince George proceeded to translate it:—

"Dear Miss Wright,—I was delighted to hear you had received my first message safely. Now to business. I write this from a place that might

have been made for our purpose, where we can lie snugly, with a good view up and down the road, until we see your escort approaching. I know you would like to know when to look out for us, but I dare not trust the particulars to paper, for if this miscarried, we might find ourselves between your captors on one side, and an overwhelming force from Bala on the other. If my messenger manages to get a chance of speaking to you privately, you can ask him. I can only say, stay as quiet as possible when the fight begins, and keep out of the way of bullets. I hope to see you very soon.

"Yours truly,

"A. Brooke."

"Really this man's prudence is superhuman!" cried the captain, in high glee. "He shows us how to obtain even the information that he withholds."

"You will strengthen mademoiselle's escort considerably, captain?" suggested the surgeon, seeing hope for his plans.

"I shall not send mademoiselle at all. She might discover our intentions, or she might be hurt in the attack, and either would be bad for us."

"You will despatch an empty litter, well guarded, to draw the attack, and a strong rearguard to repulse it?" asked Prince George.

"My friend, why should we invite attack in a disadvantageous position—a narrow road overhanging a precipice and commanded by cliffs? I shall take a strong party and beat up this wasps' nest, this famous hiding-place, before they can possibly look for us. Consider; the messenger will be expected to hang about our camp at least until to-morrow morning, in hope of learning from mademoiselle when she is to start. It is not likely that he would wait longer than that. He will return to his master's hiding-place, and he will guide us there."

"You will appear to allow him to

escape and have him tracked?" asked Prince George doubtfully.

"No, I have tried that plan once already, by the doctor's advice, and it failed. This time our guide will have a rope round his neck and a revolver at his head. His consent will have been already secured."

"Are you not afraid that he may lead you wrong, or deceive you as to the number of men with Brooke? Do you propose to ask for a force from Bala?"

"No, I propose that we should do the work ourselves, and gain the honor. I have no fear of a large force. In view of the difficulty of obtaining provisions for an uncertain time, Brooke will bring as few men as possible. These will be escaped prisoners like himself, and they must be wiped out. He himself must be taken alive that we may learn the secret of the paths, but after that—well, he has merited the death penalty more than any of them. As for our guide, he will not find much encouragement to take us by wrong roads. Ah, lieutenant, have you made your capture?"

"We came upon the fellow from behind, captain, and you never saw any one so terrified. I thought he would have died of fright. Quite a different sort from mademoiselle's servant."

"You see?" the captain nodded confidentially to Prince George. "Well, we will instruct him in his duties."

Late that evening, Janie was roused from sleep by distant shrieks. Shivering with horror, she recognized them as cries for mercy in Hindustani, and she crawled to her door to expostulate, but the sentry refused to let her pass. The shrieks ceased suddenly, and she wondered in sick terror, whether the man was dead. When the surgeon appeared in the morning, she attacked him at once.

"You were torturing one of those Hindus last night. How can you be

so cruel? Don't you see that it will give all Scythians a bad name throughout India?"

"Dogs must be beaten when they are troublesome," said the surgeon coolly. "But don't be afraid, Sister, there was no torture. The fellow was taught obedience in three strokes and grovelled at our feet in his joy at being released. He swears to prove his gratitude by showing himself the most useful servant in the camp, and the captain has forgiven him so far as to give him the chance of it. How he is treated afterwards depends on himself alone."

There was the suggestion of a double meaning about the speech, and it worried Janie. Could the man have discovered Arbuthnot in some hiding-place, and be proposing to betray him? It did not quiet her fears to learn that the greater part of the Scythian force, with Prince George's Bala bodyguard, were about to make an expedition into the hills. She could not believe that they would take so many men merely to surprise Arbuthnot, and she wondered if there was any British force, or perhaps a body of refugees, near enough to be attacked. The surgeon would throw no light on the matter. He was accompanying the column, and displayed a curious uncertainty of manner, springing from alternate reluctance to leave Janie under the lieutenant's charge, and the wild hope of obtaining permission to go on to Bala after the expected fight, and thus make sure of Papa Sergel's sympathy and support. The force marched soon after sunrise, led by the unwilling guide, who was kept well in mind of the conditions of his employment by the rope secured to his neck and wrists, and the two stalwart soldiers who were told off to cut him down at the first sign of treachery. He led the way down the nullah to the

slope by which Arbuthnot and Janie had entered it from the east, paused a moment, as if in doubt, looked down towards the road and back towards the camp, then began to climb the bank, followed by the Scythians. On a ledge in the cliff some little distance away a small, gray-haired man, in clothes indistinguishable from the rocks among which he lay, closed his binoculars and smiled a slow smile.

The unusual pleasure of finding herself free from the surgeon's supervision spurred Janie to much greater feats than his rather disturbing care. She dressed, very slowly and with many pauses, but found herself obliged to rest before she could proceed to the next duty she had set herself, borrowing a broom and sweeping out her tent. So many men were away that her sentry had had his duties extended, and tramped backwards and forwards between her tent and that in which the medical stores were kept. She sat on her bed and watched him carelessly, then noted that something suspicious seemed to have attracted his attention. He lowered his rifle and disappeared round the stores-tent, and she held her breath wondering what such a dereliction of duty might portend. But she thought no more about it, for "Who should come round the hospital-tent," as she wrote afterwards in a letter intended for Eleanor, (and immediately scratched it out lest it should hurt her feelings,) "but Mr. Brooke himself with his coy smile and his courtly bow, exactly as if he was coming into the drawing-room at St. Martin's?"

She jumped up in consternation. "Oh, have they caught you, too?" she cried.

"No," said Mr. Brooke. "I think we have caught them."

Sydney C. Grier.

(To be continued.)

NEW FRUITS.

Most of us have echoed the cry of Punch's footman: "It's high time a new animal was invented." But a new fruit is still more desirable. It need not be more delicious than the old. Who was the sage who cried: "Doubtless God might have made a better fruit than the strawberry, but for sure He never did"? Imagination fails to conceive that superior product, and yet it must be admitted that cream improves the flavor of strawberries. A fruit combining the two by its inherent virtue would certainly be a boon. In childhood I read of such a blessed prodigy. Some enthusiast described the cherimoya as tasting like strawberries and cream. I longed to visit Peru for no object beyond testing this assertion. The opportunity never came in many years of travel, but of late the cherimoya has been seen not infrequently at Covent Garden. Many of our readers have tried it, no doubt, but it may be asserted confidently that none of them observed a resemblance to strawberries and cream.

Nevertheless, such a happy combination may exist, or, what is more probable, may be created. I hope to show that some delicious fruits, known for ages, still await the attention of civilized man; and some others, well worth culture apparently, have but lately been discovered. But, putting these aside, for the moment, much may be done with the species already established.

If we cannot hope to improve the strawberry further, those few of us who know what Continental science has effected, and profit by the knowledge, find themselves able to enjoy it the year round—not of the quality to which we are used, but as tasteful and as large, perhaps, as the fruit which delighted our ancestors. This is the

"Perpetual" form, obtained by crossing garden varieties with Alpines. The invention is but a few years old; in a few years more assuredly its weaknesses will be corrected and its virtues strengthened.

Scientific gardeners are fond of saying: "Hybridization is in its infancy." In truth, this phrase is heard so often that it rather gets upon the nerves of the fastidious. But it is undeniable all the same. Hitherto the ingenuity of British hybridizers has been employed almost exclusively on flowers. The next generation will see marvels; already the species which they have taken in hand are transformed. But results as extraordinary can be obtained from the treatment of fruits—not less profitable either in the long run. Hybridizers generally are the pick of their class, not only intelligent but enterprising. Difficulties attract them, any new idea is welcomed, if there be a reasonable prospect that it will pay expenses—for I speak of "growers" or market gardeners, who have their living to get. Something has been done to improve the blackberry by crossing various species. Professor Babington reckons more than thirty. In one English garden at least beds of the excellent "thornless" variety are established. One may buy hybrids of raspberry and blackberry—even of raspberry and strawberry. Few purchasers are satisfied with their bargain, probably, if they expected something "nice." But this is the beginning.

To discourse of new fruits without allusion to Dr. Luther Burbank and his achievements would be unwise, for many persons, supposing the omission due to ignorance, might conclude that the writer was unqualified to deal with his theme. But it is enough to correct

this error. However interesting or important Dr. Burbank's labors may be, by his own statement they are still incomplete. When the authorities at Kew begged him four years ago to forward some of the remarkable fruits and flowers credited to his genius, he replied that none were ready; the reports circulating are premature. Under these circumstances, I need not speak of them.

Darwin threw a glance at the problem.

If (he wrote) it has taken centuries and thousands of years to improve or modify most of our plants up to their present standard of usefulness to man, we can understand how it is that neither Australia nor the Cape of Good Hope nor any other region inhabited by quite uncivilized man has afforded us a single plant worth culture. It is not that these countries, so rich in species, do not, by a strange chance, possess the aboriginal stocks of any useful plant, but that the native plants have not been improved by continued selection up to a standard of perfection comparable with that acquired by the plants in countries anciently civilized.

It follows that our colonists ought to have begun the process of improving those useful weeds, neglected by the savages, as quickly as possible, to make up for lost time, but I am not aware that an attempt has been made. Competent persons would not be daunted by the prospect of labor for "centuries and thousands of years." In the art of improving plants, as in other matters, we have learned to economize time and trouble.

All our familiar fruits have been cultivated for ages unknown. One commonly hears it said that the apple is "derived" from the crab, the pear from the native species, even sometimes the plum from the sloe. It is untrue; each took its origin from a wild variety, no doubt, but all were brought to this

country by the Romans. We fancy in general that the Romans had only one kind of each. As a matter of fact, Pliny described twenty different apples, and his words suggest that there were many more. Some which he names have been identified with sorts which were cherished until superseded in our own generation, and even yet may be found in old gardens. So slow was the improvement from Roman times to the present day. But some are quite lost. A "coreless" species has been widely advertised of late; it was a fraud, but apparently the Romans had such a marvel, which they called *Spadonium*, distinguished by the absence of pips. And the process of making or importing new varieties still went on in Pliny's time, for he enumerates the *Petisian*, of "delightful flavor," the *Amerinian*, approved for keeping, and the fashionable "Little Greek," among those which had been lately introduced. Six kinds of peach were grown, twenty of plum, nine of cherry, eight even of chestnut. All these came from the East—from Persia, Pontus, and Syria respectively. But they arrived full-blown, as it were. Roman skill made new forms possibly, but the originals were excellent. No one supposes that they were "natural." Accads or Sumirs may have brought the wild species to perfection before history begins. Perhaps the Cuneiform scholars will find some evidence on this point. Or they may have been a result of the botanical zeal which distinguished so many of the Assyrian kings. Scores of inscriptions tell how one or other of them brought trees and plants "which the kings my fathers knew not," from a conquered realm, and set them in the gardens of Assyria. Professor Sayce believes that there were regular "botanical gardens" at Nineveh. Asiatics are so fond of fruit that we may be sure the culture was not neglected. One mo-

tive that urged Xerxes to the invasion of Greece was the excellence of Attic figs, according to tradition. It is assured at least that long ages of care and intelligent hybridization were necessary before any of our familiar fruits became so good as they were when the Romans brought them to Europe; and the work must have been perfected, so far as our knowledge yet goes, in Mesopotamia or Persia.

Cherries deserve special notice because it is still asserted in schoolbooks that they were introduced to this country by the "fruiterer" or greengrocer of Henry VIII.; also that they were not common for a hundred years after that time. It is a surprising error. Mr. Thomas Wright found the name in every one of the Anglo-Saxon vocabularies which he edited. So common were they, and so highly esteemed, that the time for gathering them became a recognized festival—"Cherry fair" or "feast." And this grew into a proverbial expression for fleeting joys. Gower says the Friars taught that "life is but a cherye-fayre," and Hope "endureth but a throwe, right as it were a cherye-feste." There is more than one record of the purchase of trees for the King's garden at Westminster, centuries before Henry VIII. was born. But Pliny contradicted the fable, as if in prophetic mood. After telling that Lucullus first brought cherries to Rome (from Pontus, in 680 A.U.C.), he adds that in the course of a hundred and twenty years they have spread widely, "even passing over sea to Britain."

It is humiliating to think how little we have added to the list which unknown Orientals bequeathed to us in the dawn of history. This does not strike people who suppose that our fruits are improved from the wild native species, or, somewhat less ill-informed, fancy that plums and peaches and the rest were wild species when brought from Asia. But I must be-

ware of misapprehension. It is not to be said that all our fruits came from the East, nor even that the Romans introduced them all. There is no evidence that strawberries were cultivated in antiquity; neither Pliny nor Columella mentions them. It seems strange, for we may feel sure that the delicious little wildling was appreciated then as in Italy now; but the hereditary learning and acumen of the De Candoles have not discovered any reference. Currants almost certainly were unknown. One might suppose that they at least descended from the wild plants common throughout North Europe. But so late as the sixteenth century currants were described as "oversea gooseberries," having no name of their own. It is curious that in France they are called "groselles" to this day, making no distinction between them and gooseberries. When it is necessary to be precise the latter may be styled "*à maquereau*." But in old French the former were "*groselles d'outremer*," just as in old English. The conclusion is inevitable: at some time, not very distant, currants were brought to the West from a foreign land—somewhere. They have "run wild" now. Gooseberries could not be expected in Rome, for they are of very small account in Italy at the present day. The gooseberry loves cold.

To resume. We have discovered countries innumerable and a new world besides; we are familiar with the inmost recesses of lands which the ancients scarcely knew by name. But how many new fruits have been acquired for Europe? The answer strictly would be "none"; but even if we include those which are eaten in the United States, Australia, New Zealand, and might be introduced, the list is very short. And these are wildlings still—nothing serious has been done to improve any of them. So their flavor, though pleasant, wants finish, and very

few are served when "there is company." Even the tropical fruits owe nothing to our science; the delicious forms we recognize are as truly products of cultivation as the apple. Who did the work? No man knows, but certainly it was not Europeans. Portuguese, Spaniard, Dutch, and English found them as they are now. The mango, indeed, has undergone a wondrous change in the last hundred years, and the improved varieties have been distributed so fast and so far that they promise to be universal shortly. But for this happy result no credit is due to our skill or scientific enterprise. It was not British gardeners who made the improvement.

Dr. Beccari ranks among the highest scientific authorities for the products of the Far East, and in many years of travel he explored the countries most important for our theme. In his admirable record of "Wanderings in the Great Forests of Borneo" he states positively: "The native land of the mango-steen is unknown." Several wild species of *Garcinia* are found in Borneo, some with edible fruits; but none of these appear to be the original of the cultivated form. So with the Durian—a case still more remarkable; in fact, it is well to quote Dr. Beccari's words: "This tree also is only known as a cultivated species. As with the mango-steen, various wild species very nearly akin grow in the Malay Peninsula and Borneo, so it must belong to the flora of those regions." But no more can be said. Text-books give the Malay Peninsula as the original habitat of both, but, says Dr. Beccari, "the assertion is made without proof"; and he denies, with the force of his unequalled experience, that any proof has yet been found. At the same time there is no doubt that the ancestral form of both existed in Malaysia (perhaps in regions now submerged), unless they have been cultivated through such a vast se-

ries of generations that the original cannot be identified, as in the case of wheat. "Plants that have been so long cared for by men cannot hold their own in the struggle for existence now, without his protection," against the destructive agents always watching to assail them. "Duriens left to their own resources"—that is, run wild—"have very little chance of reproducing themselves." The strong smell betrays them. All arboreal animals, monkeys in especial, and birds, attack the fruit above, pigs below. Very few seeds escape.

The betel-nut palm (*Areca Catechu*) supplies an instance even more perplexing of the same conditions. It also is a cultivated form doubtless—so widely dispersed at the present day that one could scarcely find a hut ten years old, through all the vast regions known as the Far East, which is not encompassed by this loveliest of palms. But no wild species can be identified from which it might have been educed, nor are any wild examples found—a fact inexplicable when we recall that no beast devours the fallen nuts; only for human beings has *Areca Catechu* any attraction.

I am not aware that the descent of the banana from existing species has been questioned, but the disappearance of the seed-nut, which in the wild forms occupies most of the fruit, is evidence to the vast space of time that must have elapsed since man undertook to improve it. Here also probably it was gardeners of Malaysia or Cochin China who did the work. There are no bananas like those; Malays reckon forty kinds, and in the Philippines are seventeen more, specially famous. Some years ago the authorities of Kew, always seeking for an opportunity to benefit mankind, distributed a score of the best Far Eastern varieties among the West Indian islands. Results cannot yet be expected, but

there is no visible reason to doubt that the *Pisang mas* itself would flourish in the West Indies, though Malays believe that neither this nor the *Pisang ambon*, not less delicious, as some think, will live, or will fruit, beyond a certain distance from the Straits. And Europeans accept the statement. The same story was told of the mangosteen when I travelled in those countries, "ages ago," and many recorded failures to acclimatize the tree seemed to confirm it. Those transported to Ceylon flourished certainly, but they had not fruited—or so we were told. In fact, however, the spell was broken ten years before, when the Duke of Devonshire sent a mangosteen to her Majesty, grown at Chatsworth. Another he reserved for his own consumption, and these were the sole result of twenty years' anxious and expensive culture. It is said that the Duke even imported two Malay gardeners. But in his memoirs lately published Sir H. des Vœux tells how he presented a whole dish of mangosteens to the Queen in 1877, grown in the Botanic Gardens, Trinidad. Sir Henry expresses doubt whether it would succeed under ordinary conditions, but this may have been a lingering shadow of the old superstition. Mangosteens will soon be quite a common fruit in Dominica and Trinidad; so, probably, the finest of the Malay bananas will do as well as the rubbish which English people and Americans think so delicious.

While it was believed that such fruits as the mango, mangosteen, rambutan, and lancet owed little if anything to culture, we might rest and be thankful with an easy conscience. But since that comfortable ignorance has been dispelled, we should no longer shirk the obligation to carry improvement further. Europeans have occupied the East for centuries. For generations the Dutch have maintained botanic gardens which astonish and de-

light foreign savants. We rival, perhaps surpass them now, but we were very late in the field. On this matter of fruit, Dutch, English, French, and all other European governments in the East have been content with the results achieved by forgotten peoples in an unknown age. Who were the skillful gardeners who patiently transformed the wild species? Not any race existing, or, at least, ruling. Malays are not to be despised by any means as horticulturists, but they do not seem fitted for careful work; and, a final objection, they have not been established in those countries long enough. The operations were complete, doubtless, before the Orang Malayu sallied from their home in Sumatra. Possibly our debt is owing to the mysterious civilization which built the "Thousand Temples," and so many other prodigies in Java, or to that, even more mysterious and more astonishing in its remains, which ruled from Siam to Cochin China.

But across the Atlantic, who transformed the wooden pinuela into the luscious pineapple, the small watery tuber which Darwin recognized with extreme difficulty into the potato? Who created maize?—for of this no wild ancestor has yet been suggested. Such aeons of time have passed since it was taken in hand that the present form does not guide us to the original. For this reason the inestimable service cannot be credited to the Incas, still less to the Aztecs—both came much too late. As in the Far East, however, so in Peru and Central America, peoples of high civilization flourished before history begins for us.

But I hear old residents ask, what remains for science to effect? The fruits named are perfect! So far as flavor goes that may be true—it would be rash to speak positively. But there is much room for improvement in another direction: One cannot enjoy a

mango in public. Flakes must be cut from it with a knife or a spoon—the fibrous pulp does not come away readily, there is little of it, and the best remains behind, attached to the huge kernel. These are faults which certainly might be corrected; it is bravely alleged from time to time, even in serious periodicals, that they have been, but proof is still delayed. Nevertheless when the stone of a plum has been actually expelled and abolished it should not be difficult to reduce that of the mango. The stoneless plum is a Japanese achievement, though the honor has been assigned to Mr. Luther Burbank; but those ingenious gardeners could not have begun to work unless Nature had given them a "sport" with which to commence operations. Wide and careful study of the mango might probably detect abnormal forms which would yield a similar opening. Some future generation may see a mango with smooth pulp, which will part easily from a kernel of moderate size. The peach has been disciplined in the same manner. In old gardens of South Africa one still finds a type introduced from Holland two centuries ago, called the "Cling-stone," a name which speaks for itself. The flesh will not be torn away; it has to be cut like an apple, or a mango. But fancy the universal rage for duriens if the foul stench of the rind could be dispelled! No fruit has such a fascination for those who like it—and they are the vast majority of human beings. All the same, even natives will not bring it indoors. White people belong to durien clubs, which gather at each member's house in turn; thus the abominable nuisance is distributed. Evidently the process of eliminating this stench would be long and difficult; but since its nature is understood, and its cause strongly suspected, attempts would not be hopeless. And the durien will thrive in any damp climate

of the Tropic Zone. No plantation would yield a better return if the produce could be exposed at Covent Garden without risk of forfeiture by the Sanitary Authorities.

But in either hemisphere there are many fruits, more or less desirable, which Europeans seldom taste. Of such, in Malay countries, are the tarippe, most excellent of bread-fruits; the Jintawan, as large as a big pear, very pleasantly acid—the plant is an India rubber vine, and the flesh lies in a thick envelope of India rubber. Also the bilimbing, mandarait, langsai, luing, rambi—the last grows in bunches like large, very sweet grapes. Not one of these is cultivated, I think, except the langsai, but all might become as renowned as the pineapple or the mangosteen. And cold storage has given Europe an interest in the matter.

But those named may be recognized when served at *chota hazri*, though unfamiliar; there are others, simply known as "jungle fruit," which the aborigines, or men working in the forest, chance to bring in. All of these are good and some exquisite, but if the delighted European wants more he will be rather lucky if more can be found. It is not easy to give an order even, for townspeople generally do not know the names. They are only "jungle fruits" in the market. I still remember two occasions when a Dyak brought me a quantity of small white globules as I tramped past his field; they seemed to me heavenly food, but my Malays could not name them, nor could the Englishmen I asked recognize the description. I remember also sending a Jamaica boy to purchase some fruit in the market of San José de Costa Rica. He brought back five different species, all of the medlar class. They were eatable, perhaps one who likes medlars would have thought them excellent. But the landlord of

the hotel could not put a name to any.

The number of "jungle fruits" prized by natives but unknown to Europeans was well illustrated by Dr. Beccari's discovery of five new species of *Nephelium* in one village orchard. It was at the very end of his three years' sojourn in the forests of Borneo, but neither he nor any other savant had ever heard of one among them. All were excellent. Dr. Beccari also mentions a *Ficus* bearing "great bunches of fine red fruit," agreeably acid, the only one in that large genus which is not sweet. A new variety of *Garcinia*, named *Beccarii*, has "acidulated pulp of extremely pleasant flavor, recalling that of the mangosteen"; an *Euphorbia*, *Elaterospermum Tapos*, is favored by the Dyaks, who call it *Buaruppi*.

In that country flourishes the *Guango*, *Pithecolobium Saman*, known to us as the Rain Tree. Its fruit has six or eight seeds embedded in a sweet pulp, which all human beings like, and some think exquisite. But we may hope to see the guango at Covent Garden in no long time, for it is widely grown at botanical stations now for distribution in arid tracts.

Captain Welby tells how he discovered a fruit "new to all his people" in the country of Boma, behind Fashoda; the pulp was very like jam, "a natural preserve, which came in handy for breakfast." Then he found one, equally new, like an orange, "but the inside was a mass of large pips covered with yellow pulp." It proved to be quite eatable though wanting flavor. Both of these might repay cultivation in the gardens of Egypt. Who has tried the *Pithaya* cactus which *Lumholdz* describes in "Unknown Mexico"? The fruit is as large as an egg, "sweet, soft and nourishing"; natives have such a passion for it that when the *Pithaya* is ripe, servants will "bolt" to enjoy the feast, if permission be re-

fused. In Mexico also flourishes *Monstera deliciosa*, a fruit twelve to fourteen inches in length, said to be all its name implies.

In July 1906 the Director of Kew received leaves, fruit and seeds of a tree in Uruguay which the writer could not identify in the scientific sense. Its product, however, he described as "extremely agreeable" with a perfume so delicate that it is "unequaled." Also it "possesses such a remarkable digestive property that when the aborigines have over-indulged they eat freely of it and then sleep like babes, waking up next morning with a clear head and a wonderful appetite." This useful treasure proves to be *Pouteria snavis*. Seeds have been sown at *Bordighera*, and, says the *Kew Bulletin*, "under cultivation the fleshy part of the fruit may possibly be so increased as to make it acceptable to a circle outside the aborigines of Uruguay."

I have travelled mostly in hot countries and my illustrations are drawn from them; indeed, valuable novelties can scarcely be expected from the Temperate Zone in any number. Those regions, for the most part, have been familiar to botanists, as to ordinary men, for centuries. But Japan is an exception. Precious novelties may be expected from that country—have already begun to arrive indeed, discovered by the enterprising nurserymen of America, who snap them up and keep the origin secret so far as may be. The stoneless plum I have mentioned—also there is the Cornell plum, fast superseding all others in the United States. The "grape-fruit" has been exercising European savants a good deal lately. So long as it was regarded as a cool variety of the shaddock, which is a poor occidental descendant of the pomelo, there was nothing to rouse curiosity. But now it is recognized as distinct from both,

and questions arise forthwith. Scientific opinion inclines to believe that the "grape-fruit" is Chinese by origin, but probably carried to the United States from Japan. China, too, is the home of the Kaki, which we know by the rough American name of persimmon, but the best forms of it are Japanese — apparently. European taste does not go further than "all very well" in criticizing this fruit, but the reason is that we eat it much too fresh. The rind should be quite withered and the flesh soft enough to be easily taken up with a spoon, like jam, before kaki is in fit condition. More than a hundred varieties are esteemed in Japan, and Professor Sargent thinks that some of the best would be hardy in sheltered places even in the North of England. There is no fruit tree so beautiful, say the experts.

It seems likely also that the Navel or Washington orange, which is causing such a stir in America that plantations of all other sorts are being dug up as fast as plants of the new variety can be obtained, came from China or Japan; but Sir Herbert Praed tells me that it has been grown on his fruit-farm in California for a good many years, and the people are satisfied that it came from South America. It is worth noting that Dr. Henry, a high authority, found even the pomegranate delicious in some districts of China.

And the Metford lemon should have a word, if only for the romance of its discovery. In January 1896 Miss Laura Metford Badcock sent a fruit to Kew, asking what on earth it was. The authorities pronounced at sight—a common Pomelo—but before answering, they cut it open, and it proved to be a lemon, unmistakable, but almost as large and as round as a football! It was for them to ask questions now, but Miss Badcock could only reply that this extraordinary object had been

growing and fruiting freely in the greenhouse near Taunton for a century. Tradition could tell no more. The original plant had lately died, but cuttings were obtained from an offset given to a friend, and now the great Metford lemon is safely established at Kew. The chances seem to be that it came from China in the beginning.

But Australasia has fruits deserving attention. In New Zealand white people eat the Tawhara. Their appreciation is not enthusiastic, expressed generally by the term "not bad"; but that is much for settlers in a country where all the perfected fruits of the Old World can be enjoyed at a trifling cost. Moreover a Colonist questioned on the subject is pretty sure to add that the tawhara might be improved by cultivation. He will say the same probably of the Karaka berry. Matabeleland yields several fruits, some of them as yet unnamed. One seems to be the Maneko, which delighted Livingstone, further to the north; about the size of a walnut, full of glutinous, woody fibre, described as "really excellent." Another, like an orange, reminds the traveller of roasted apples; a third "makes quite a refreshing little repast"—this is the Zulu Inhlada, "famine fruit," because so many lives are saved by it in time of dearth. A fourth tastes like apples. The Marula seems to be especially promising. It resembles a greengage, with a large stone and scarcely any pulp, the place of which is filled with a sweet liquid, "simply delicious." The ordinary "Kaffir plum" should repay an intelligent cultivator who, by selection and hybridization, contrived to make it large enough to be appreciated. Sir Charles Elliot notes "a very agreeable phenomenon of the moorland" in the Temperate region of East Africa—a kind of wild raspberry "which grows in belts, about an inch long, deep yellow, tasting more

like a mulberry than a raspberry."¹

How many mortals even in South Africa, beyond the borders of the Kallahari desert, are acquainted with the Bododo? Perhaps this is the most striking instance of our neglect. Sixty years ago Chapman described the bododo in a published account as "the most luscious fruit I ever tasted," and again, "almost too luscious for a white palate." The few hunters and traders who visit that region give the same report. But there the matter rests.

All these fruits and many others will be taken in hand one day, I believe.

Cornhill Magazine.

Our great horticultural firms cannot easily be persuaded that it would be worth their while to undertake the enterprise. But almost every colony has a Botanical Garden now—not only a show place, as formerly. Authorities trained at Kew—which Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff rightly described as an important branch of the Colonial Office—work ceaselessly to promote the interests of the cultures favored in their district. I submit that the improvement of the native fruits would properly come within their sphere.

Frederick Boyle.

MARY THE MOTHER.

It will probably be allowed that the medical man sees more of human nature stripped of all convention than any one else. Under sharp or long-continued pain, or with certain death standing as it were at the foot of the bed, men and women, as a rule, drop any mask or domino they have worn. Naked they came into the world, and naked they go out of it. Sometimes one leaves the still body feeling cynical, sometimes feeling sad. A young girl faces death with patience and a quiet smile. An old man goes whimpering away. Friends and relatives give themselves devotedly to the problem of saving a life or smoothing the way through the Valley of the Shadow, or they look on with frank indifference, grudging all labor and hoping for a speedy end.

One or two of my cases will interest you, if I tell of them properly; and Mary the Mother's is the first.

It was in December that Hector Og

the elder came down from the hills, twenty miles through the snow, to tell me that Hector the younger was ill. I left him to walk back as he had come; and, riding the first ten miles, I stabled my horse, borrowed a stout stick, and at last reached the shelling where Hector the younger lay groaning for me.

The little croft, with its high deer-fence, stands far up the brae above the river, six or seven miles in a bee-line from any other dwelling. Long before I reached the door I could see a gray figure watching me through a glass, and this was Mary the Mother.

She was elderly, thin, gray, hard-featured, taciturn. She knelt at my feet, in spite of my remonstrances, and took off my snow-covered gaiters. Her hands were trembling but her voice and manner were quiet almost to dullness, and she pressed me to "taste," or rather she attempted to press me before taking me to the bedside.

I will not harrow you with details of young Hector's condition; but an immediate operation was undoubtedly necessary, and his nerve had gone through pain and several sleepless

¹ Matokaland, north-east of Uganda, is described in Major Gibbon's careful survey as a country "in which very palatable wild fruits grow," as the m'huluhulu, large, with a shell enclosing many stones enclosed in "quite refreshing, pleasantly flavored flesh"; another the size of a peach, "with dry brown flesh."

nights. He must keep still while I worked, and he would never do that unless he were chloroformed. I could not wait for skilled help and I could not by any possibility get him to it across seven burns and ten miles of snow-covered heather down to the road.

I took Mary into the other room, where a big peat-fire smouldered on the open hearth, and I told her how things were, and what must be done.

I cannot quote her reply word for word, but it was very short and very much to the point. If I would do my duty, she suggested, she would do hers, which she conceived to lie in obeying my orders.

I considered her much-wrinkled face and her steady gray eyes, and I decided that without doubt here was a woman to be depended upon. So we returned to the bed, and Hector the younger agreed to allow anything and everything that would be likely to give him peace.

I chloroformed him, and when he was well under I handed the towel and the bottle to Mary, and did my work while she used them according to my orders.

When everything was done I was very hot and tired, and Mary was gray-faced and cold and trembling. I took her and made her lie down and drink some of the whisky she had offered me; while, to her horror, Hector the younger, drunk with the chloroform through which he was groping his way back to consciousness, cursed me body and soul from the bed, declaring that I had gutted him like a haddie and now had better finish the job and hang him like a haddie upon the wall. Poor Mary's wrath at his ingratitude brought the color back to her cheeks quicker than the spirits did; and when Hector Og tramped in, as he did not long after, he found his son lying quiet, while Mary served me by the peat-fire in the next room with tea and scones,

fresh-butter and home-made black-currant and bramble jam.

Then Hector Og, over sixty years old, but nothing daunted by the forty miles he had done that day, started away with me and convoyed me two or three miles on my homeward journey. His two collies escorted us; and Mary, surrounded by three or four terriers, watched us from the door.

Well, things did not go smoothly for some time with Hector the younger. It was hard work to reach him at all, and impossible to dress his wounds as often as would have been advisable. Once I was sent for late in the day, and reached the half-way house, ten miles from Hector's bed and ten from my own, determined to go no farther till daylight. But there was Hector Og with a lantern and his two collies.

The old man begged and prayed that I would get on. "If you'll step outside," I remember he said with splendid mendacity, "you'll hear him roarin' down the strath"; and I was shamed into taking as eerie a tramp as I ever made ten miles over deep snow, never seeing farther ahead than the light of the lantern went, and with not a sign of life all the way, but the tracks of grouse and hares and of a herd or two of deer.

I drank tea that night made with peaty water, I slept between peaty sheets, I washed in peaty water and drank peaty tea again in the morning, and I have never liked peat-reek since; but Mary waited upon me with the greatest care, and her eyes and acts said more than her words when she thanked me for coming.

Snow lay long on the hills that winter, and another of my visits was made through a blizzard. My horse fell upon ice blown bare of snow, so I had walked some miles before I left the road, and bent my head against the drifting, whirling snowflakes. It was a tough job that afternoon. The wind

and the snow stung and dazzled me; the big drifts tired me. I remember I lay in a drift some hundred yards from the cottage, yelling for some one to come and haul me out. But no one heard, and no one came, so at last I shoved through, and staggered into the cottage alone.

I remember how angry Mary was to find that no one had met me, and how she muttered over me as she knelt and took off my boots and gaiters, while I sat dumb and indifferent; and how she scolded Hector Og and Alastair, the younger son, when they came in with the colles from gathering the sheep into their stone-built circular shelters. I remember, too, that evening, when I had attended to Hector the younger, how good it was to sit before a big fire blazing up the wide chimney, though there were six dogs with whom to dispute precedence. Two keepers searched the hills that night for me, thinking me lost; but I slept cosily, disturbed only by the pig, who as Mary apologetically explained next morning, "thocht she didna get justice," and, squealing for admittance, roused all six dogs to an uproar in the small hours.

It was now well on in January. Hector the younger was making progress, and the snow was not so deep. We began to discuss the possibility of getting him down to the low ground, where I could see him more often, with less toll to me and less expense to them. The two Hectors doubted and disputed, but Mary backed all my arguments. From the day we had first met she and I had given our confidence to one another and in her eyes whatever the doctor did or said was right.

So one afternoon a cart rumbled down the main street of our village over the snow. Hector the younger lay bundled in the straw, Hector Og strode at the horse's head, and Mary

followed behind, where she could watch Hector the younger, whom she alternately scolded and encouraged. Hector Og returned with his cart to the lonely hills next day; but Hector the younger and his mother lodged in the village and I saw my patient daily. I saw his mother too, of course; but I hardly looked at her, she was so silent, so ready, so inconspicuous. When I wanted her she was at my elbow, but never in the way. Four or five days after they came down from the hills I looked her straight in the face while asking some question, and it occurred to me that she was grayer than ever.

"Are you well?" I asked.

"Only tired," she said, and would not talk of herself further, or let me touch her wrist.

I ordered her to lie down for the rest of the day, and she went off obediently to her bed; but the next morning when I called she was at young Hector's side. She persisted that there was nothing wrong and I—well, I practically thought no more of it.

So the days went by, with Hector still abed but always getting stronger, and Mary always at his side.

Then one afternoon I had a fright. An urgent message came for me to go over at once.

"What's happened to him?" I asked while thrusting into my overcoat.

"It's Mary that's bad," the messenger said, and I hurried more than ever.

I found her still at her post. She was sitting near Hector's bed, silent, rigid, with folded hands, blue-gray about the tight lips, and with dark shadows about the steady gray eyes. We helped her to her bed, where she died that night in my arms, apologizing for the trouble she thought she was causing, and for the little moan which pain at the heart wrung from her now and again.

"Surely that pain didn't begin to-day?" I whispered once to her.

"It's ever there since I travelled [walked] from the hill," she gasped

Chambers's Journal.

back. "But I was feared if I let on you'd keep me from my boy."

And so Mary died.

THE MILLINERY OF MURDER.

We wish that our modern fashionable women would bethink themselves that the savage who adorns himself with the plumage of birds and the skins of beasts has excuses which they cannot plead. The beasts are his personal enemies, and the dead birds at least attest his skilful archery. If he delights in the gay coloring of slaughtered creatures, he can plead that it is because he knows nothing of the arts which lend to rare dyes and subtle textures an element of human triumph that enhances their intrinsic beauty. The taste for these adornments disappears with the growth of a real pride in craftsmanship. It has returned in our time as an incident in the evolution of dress. The pleasure in durable hand-woven textures, in embroideries that represented the slow work of individual skill, has gone down before the organization of labor—and this sweated labor—and the pillage of distant forests. Women compete to-day in the crowding of effects, and machinery has killed the feeling for decorations which were a proof of pleasant toil and conscious skill. The old finery, with its laces and its silks, told to the eye its tale of busy Flemish villages and opulent Indian towns. The new millinery, with its skins torn from dead herons and kingfishers, speaks too often of suffering and the waste of life. Somewhere in the process of this evolution imagination has decayed. Our grandmothers wore their exotic fabrics with a sense of their origin, a consciousness of the romance that came from the adventure in distant seas, and

felt in the rare textures the touch of the dusky idolatrous fingers that had made them. The things had a place in their lives which tempted the fancy to play on the history of their making and their getting. The modern woman who wears an osprey plume or a stuffed humming-bird is manifestly thinking only of its crude visible effect.

The figures which Lord Avebury gave on Tuesday in introducing his Bill to prohibit the importation of the plumage of wild birds were a record of massacre on a gigantic scale. London has become the world's market for the sale of the bird life that fashion demands. In the last six months of 1907, 19,742 skins of birds of paradise and plumes torn from 115,000 white herons were sold by auction, and one firm alone catalogued the skins of 20,000 kingfishers. But the figures give no conception either of the cruelty or of the waste of life. The sportsman who kills for pleasure or for food respects his prey during the breeding season. The plumage-hunter, on the contrary, concentrates his depredations in the period when the birds are mating and nesting. The colors he requires for the hats of his customers are the very expression of the birds' exuberance of happiness and life. The plumes which milliners call "ospreys" or "aigrettes" are borne by the herons only during the nuptial season. The heron is then killed with ease, because its natural shyness has disappeared in its absorbing care for its young. Every plume means not merely the death of a bird, but the slow starvation of all its young,

and every feather worn in a fashionable hat tells its history of a ruined nest. To the woman who wears it, ignorant or callous, it means the happy sense of conformity to a social type, and an outlay of money that marks her social status. To the spectator who watches her, it calls up the picture of a savage deed and a cruel end. Year by year the swamps and rivers where these creatures breed are growing desolate, and it can be a matter only of a decade before the species is altogether obsolete. For rare and exceptionally beautiful birds like the white heron it is easy to arouse regret. But there is no discrimination in a fashion which carries its demoralization from stratum to stratum of society. The woman who cannot afford an osprey or a kingfisher wears half a sea bird or the wing of a swallow shot in its flight over Italy or France. There is scarcely a species which vulgarity has not laid under tribute. If the process continues it can only be ugliness which will survive, and mankind will inhabit the world which it deserves.

Lord Avebury's Bill makes a courageous attack upon a trade which stands entrenched behind a substantial wall of interest. One has only to open a newspaper to realize how powerful this interest is. The leading columns may welcome the Bill, but the fashion article on another page directs its readers where best to obtain these brutal adornments. The Bill was not opposed in the Lords, but the spokesmen of the Government expressed a semi-official reserve, and prescribed a highly dilatory procedure. It is no doubt true, as Lord Beauchamp pointed out, that the closing of the market in London would drive at least a part of the trade to Paris or Vienna. But even so, the diminution of the demand by the whole extent of the sales in this country must exert a considerable influence on the world's supply. Even a temporary dis-

organization of the trade would give a respite to several harried species, and the permanent suppression of the trade in England would mean at the very least the slaughter of only three birds where four are killed to-day. It is to be hoped that the Government will use its influence, as Lord Beauchamp suggested, to bring about the prohibition of the export of skins and plumes from the countries of supply. India, some of our tropical colonies, and several States of North America, have already prohibited exportation. But these two methods of checking the trade should be complementary and not exclusive. If we shrink from injuring our own traders in dead wings by prohibiting imports, we shall exert small influence when we go to poorer nations abroad with a suggestion that they should first ruin their export trade.

This surely is a question on which any Government may dare to be bold. Public opinion is divided about vivisection; it is not even absolutely unanimous about some of the practices covered by the Spurious Sports Bill. But this use of murdered beauty for adornment has no articulate defender. There is hardly even a fashion paper base enough to advocate it outside its advertising columns. For it is the mark and criterion of an educated mind to feel a disinterested joy in a beauty which it does not thirst to own and possess. It knows that the beauty of living things is in their function and their motion. It realizes that a skin, stripped though it may be with all its resplendent coloring from a still living creature, is no more than a relic of a lost beauty. The hand of the vandal who must possess what he admires destroys in the act the very thing that aroused his desire. He violates a mystery, and makes it common. He steals a life, and wins in the act only a monument to his own cruelty. An imaginative child is happy

in the thought of romantic jungles and virgin forests which he will never penetrate and but dimly conceives. An educated man moves through mean streets and the squalor of civilization with a constant vision before his eyes of past glories and beauties unravished. It is a joy to know in England that there are parrots on the Amazon, as it is solace to think in the Strand that there are wood hyacinths in Sussex. To those who have this vision of lives inviolate and glories unseen, it is an

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imperative duty to oppose this waste of life. Even were there no cruelty involved, the extinction of one species of birds of paradise is a vandalism as gross as the erasing of a Giorgione or the burning of the Alexandrian library. Races which have escaped the long perils of geological change must not perish in the end at the bidding of a Paris fashion. When Watts painted his angel of pity, weeping with veiled face, it was over a table strewn with dead wings and mutilated plumes.

THE LAWFUL BUSINESS OF THE LOITERER.

Satan has long been constrained by the present reaction against idleness to look out a job for the man whose hands are full. Industry has not proved a complete antiseptic for souls, and with America before their eyes the moralists of to-day have revised the doctrine and queried the assurances of Hogarth and of Dr. Watts. Without doubt there is a sphere for the cultivated loiterer, and something is lacking to the society which will have none of him. By the loiterer, however, we do not mean the pleasure-seeker. When pleasure becomes a business it is nothing else than a debased and barren form of work which takes everything worth having out of the worker and gives nothing to the world. Neither are we thinking of the man who uses his wits to enable him to live on the industry of some one else, but of one who accepts with thankfulness the fact that the necessities of life are secured to him, and who resolves, therefore, to employ his energies as seemeth him good, but in such a manner as to avoid the constant strain and unremitting application of method necessary to him who sets himself to make either his bread or his fortune by his brains. Of course, he may neglect the lawful business of

his type, and become a completely selfish and useless man. On the other hand, he may do a piece of work which without him will not be done at all, and so deserve the name of a beneficent loiterer. There are loiterers of this latter sort whose apparently idle hands are again and again instrumental in discovering the mischief which lies in the path of the worker whose eyes are fixed upon his aim.

Certain perceptions are apt to be blunted by unremitting toil. Among the hand-workers we expect this to be the case, and make instinctive allowance,—so much allowance that one is tempted sometimes to wonder how the prouder spirits among the working class can brook our constant excuse. It is no less true of the still more exacting work done by the educated. The more will a man throws into his labor, the more likely he is to make sacrifices for it. Often these sacrifices are moral, and the leisured man alone perceives the moral loss which is going on. In a society where no one has leisure the standard goes down. The energetic and ambitious man is terribly influenced by the ideals prevalent in his trade or profession, and those ideals are too often the mediocre products of

expediency. The virtues pay—in strict moderation. It is much easier to accept the rules of the game as he finds them. It takes time to press for a change; not only time but thought, too; and all the time he has, and all the thinking of which he is capable, are wanted for the work in hand. It is the demand made upon his already overtaxed energy, rather than the demand made upon his conscience, which he is tempted to refuse. As he gets on, the end which he has in view looms larger and larger, the means of attainment become of less and less importance. This is not only true when his end is selfish or base. The temptations of the Churchman and the politician in quest of concession bear an unpleasant likeness to those of the merchant and the professional man in quest of a title. They are all in danger of lacking time to examine the gradually lessening number of scruples they find in their way. But the man of leisure analyses them, finds out their intrinsic worth, and so holds up the sinking standard and forces the workman to pause and consider what he is losing.

To turn to another matter, and one of less moment. The manners of an overworked society tend to deteriorate. It is difficult for the man with his mind entirely occupied by his work—with great affairs, as it seems to him, whether they concern his shop or his country—to realize that the art of life is worth much thought. The more industrious he is, the more obedient to a self-imposed system for the profitable use of every hour, the more likely he is to neglect the things which make for a delightful social life. If he was born high up in the social scale, he will probably retain a conventional polish which may serve to deceive a class immediately below him; but his equals will know that the essential of good manners—the determination to attend

to other people—is wanting. Here once more the man of leisure can set a standard and exact a measure of imitation. Then, again, one great use of the "beneficent loiterer" is to prevent the waste of happiness. There are so many perfectly innocent delights which the busy man misses, and which can only be enjoyed to the full by some one at leisure. The whole drama of Nature with its infinitely beautiful mounting, the world of children, and the world of animals can only be studied imperfectly by busy people in their odd moments. Surely it is a great thing that the aggregate of happiness should be increased, especially if we consider how contagious happiness is, and to what extent it ozonizes the atmosphere. ✧

A great deal of the loiterer's task should be done by women; but the present hunger for definite work has smitten them also. The empty-headed run all day after pleasure. The serious-minded refuse too often to have any leisure at all. A married woman whose children do not occupy all her time turns constantly to philanthropy, politics, or literature; and unmarried women are throwing themselves more and more commonly heart and soul into professions. The movement has done good on the whole. It may, however, go too far. Women at leisure are wanted. They can do so much to prevent the automatic lowering of standards brought about by hurry. But it may be said:—"What you say about women is all very well, but men are another matter. Who is the man of leisure that he should teach his betters? Is he our superior because he holds himself aloof from our temptations, partly, perhaps, because he knows he could resist them even less successfully than we? Because he is determined to have peace, are we to give him power, to suffer his correction, and ask him for his advice, often expressed in

a contemptuous criticism or a word of supercilious condemnation? He smiles at the world while we sweat for it. Let us make his position impossible; or if he likes to maintain it in comparative poverty, let us regard him as an insignificant drone, and refuse to listen when he speaks." This point of view is openly expressed across the Atlantic, and secretly felt by a large number of persons here. To our mind, it is not only ill-conditioned, but exceedingly short-sighted. None but a fool will refuse to listen to the truth because it is told him by a man who may have a false opinion of his own worth, especially when that unduly high opinion has assisted him to see the truth to which he is calling attention. We may despise him if we like because he has chosen a soft job; but it is the height of folly to stop him if the job wants doing. We all admit that there

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is much disagreeable work in the world which must be done. Our pity for those who have to do it may be genuine, but if it goes the length of hindering them in the performance of a duty essential to the good of the community, it becomes a mere weakness. Surely the opposite of all this is equally true. There is a certain amount of very agreeable work in the world. We may think it nobler to choose some other, but if we prevent those who are doing it, we simply injure the community, and our fine sentiment degenerates into an ill-conditioned indulgence of the spirit of grudging.

"How many beneficent loiterers are required in a community?" some one might sarcastically ask. No more, we would reply, than are proficient at their work, and as few as can adequately perform it.

THE TOCSIN TREATMENT.

[The Prime Minister has capitulated to the Bell of Dundee. He has promised a negative support to the claims of the Suffragettes on the eve of dissolution, whenever that deplorable contingency occurs. The subsequent raid on Downing Street proves that the militant party is not satisfied with the terms of his surrender.]

Ring forth, wild bell, your lethal note!

Where'er a Liberal opes his lung,

Let go your clapper, loose your tongue,

And paralyze him in the throat!

Ring forth the old Dundee alarm,

The muffin-peal's importunate yelp:

Ring till the ringer cries for help,

Having the cramp all up her arm.

Behold the downy Asquith-bird

Is sworn to pipe a favoring tune,

When he delivers, late or soon,

His final music long deferred.

Meanwhile, till that elusive swan

Consents to speed his parting breath,

Give him no peace this side of death,

But just keep on, and on, and on.

The Martyrdom of Mozart.

Ring out the age of wordy strife,
Of argumental equipolse;
Ring in the rule of simple noise,
Ring in the ampler louder life.

Ring (as I said and still repeat),
Whether you sound a lonely knell
Or in conjunction with the bell
At No. 10 in Downing Street.

Ring out the tyrant gods of tin,
Whose feet are on our galled necks;
Ring out the man, the futile sex,
And ring the Larger Female in.

Punch.

Owen Seaman.

THE MARTYRDOM OF MOZART.

Of those divine beings who have made the happiness of the world many have been despised and neglected, but the cruellest martyrdom on record in the annals of art is the martyrdom of a faultless man and faultless artist: Mozart. He went through the world like a child tortured by cruel hands, that it might sing and dance for public amusement. His life and death have left an indelible stain on the Austrian Court, nobility, and official musicians of his time. They injured him, they insulted him, they took for nothing the incomparable gifts for which he asked little. His would-be benefactors closed their purse-strings against him; and one man, let his infamous name be written in full,—the wealthy Baron von Swieten—for whom he had carried out a vast, thankless, unpaid labor, was the man who put down to the account of the penniless widow the sum of 8 florins 56 kreutzers for the grave, and 3 florins for the hearse, when the body of Mozart was cast into an unmarked corner of the earth. Mozart was the slave and spoil of kings, the creator of supreme beauty for swine, for whom no Gadarean steep had been

prepared by destiny. The world did its utmost to make his life miserable, laying pitfalls in his way, stealing from him, betraying him, letting him die with 60 florins of ready money to leave to his wife and children. And this man, who was making the greatest music of the age for Court theatres and archiepiscopal halls, was reduced to beg for appointments, of which his best lover Haydn said nobly: "I find it difficult to control my indignation when I think that this great and wonderful man is still searching for an appointment, and not a single prince or monarch has thought of giving one." When it was too late, fortune beckoned to him. Here is his last comment on the situation: "I am on the confines of life, I will die without having known any of the delights my talent would have brought me, and yet life is so full of beauty and just now my prospects seem to shape themselves auspiciously. Alas, one cannot alter one's destiny. No one on earth is master of his fate and I must be resigned. It will be all as Providence wills."

What Providence, or the ignorant cruelty of man, willed for Mozart I

have been reading in the two volumes of biography, translated from the French of Victor Wilder, which have lately been published, with useful lists and bibliographies and portraits, by Messrs. Reeves. The book is living, and to read it is to suffer over again this perfect and punished life. For Mozart was perfect, not only in his art, but in his life. Not a virtue, not a grace was lacking; he had a divine purity, which is seen expressing itself in the innocent letter to his father, in which he declares the necessity of his marrying. But he had no consciousness of outward things; his hands, swift and certain on the harpsichord, were idle things off the notes, so that he could not cut up his food at table without cutting his fingers. He loved travelling, and a landscape, seen from the carriage window, set his thoughts working towards music; only, unlike Beethoven, they never settled there, so purely was his inspiration a matter of sound. He died of sound. It began to whisper to him when he was a baby, and at three years of age sought to find harmonious successions of thirds on the keyboard; it murmured on lips and cheeks as he lay dying, and a passage with kettledrums came back to him out of his "Requiem." Music absorbed him and consumed him, a miraculous flame always burning; so that at the age of four he played the piano, and at five composed four minuets and an allegro for it and played the organ, and at six went with his father and sister, five years his elder and both prodigies, through Austria, France, England, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, playing before kings, and composing and publishing music. He had already distinguished a difference of an eighth of a tone between two violins, and had come to feel what could be terrible in sound, turning pale and almost fainting at the sound of a trumpet. At fourteen he wrote down from memory

Allegri's *Miserere*, after a single hearing of it in the Pope's Chapel in Rome. By the age of eighteen he had composed two hundred and forty-two pieces.

Music was his heaven, and he lived in it through the whole course of his mortal life; and that divine world, in which he walked like one of the angels, never betrayed him. Men made use of him, gave him praise, let him triumph for a moment, and then set him aside with empty hands. He was overburdened with his genius from his birth; he found no friend, except his friendly wife, to help him to bear it. Immeasurably rich in the spirit, the world gave him poverty. The stingy Emperor, Gluck, dying, gave him his place as Imperial Court composer, and bid him pay for the compliment by taking eight hundred in place of two thousand florins. Later on he asks for the place of Kapellmeister, and his appeal is not answered. At last, in despair, he offers his services of deputy Kapellmeister to the cathedral, for nothing; and is accepted. No fees come to him from his publishers, a hundred ducats are handed to him, as one fees a servant, at the end of the first performance of "*Die Zauberflöte*"; and presently, when success, useless to him, has come, he lies on his death-bed, his watch under his pillow, counting the hours: "now they are singing the 'Queen of the Night'," he would say.

Only once did he have an unmitigated success, a great popular outburst in his honor; and that was in no Austrian soil, but in Prague, which went wild over "*Le Nozze di Figaro*," and commissioned "*Don Giovanni*." For a week, the only week in his life, except the many in which he was ill and in bed, he wrote no music, he gave himself up to the delight of for once being loved, understood, applauded. But the applause brought no more than a moment's gold, and we see him, in the

last year of his life, consenting to beg, asking for charity that is nowhere to be found. The eternal publisher, putting two or three ducats into his hand, had said: "Compose in a simpler and more popular style or I will print no more of your compositions nor will I give you another kreutzer." Then, while he is writing, on an urgent commission, the divine "Zauberflöte," the gayest music in the world, hurried on by his taskmaster, already feeling the first signs of his sickness coming upon him, there came the monstrous, malignant farce of a fool, the sealed unsigned letter, the mysterious demand for a "Requiem," the payment in advance: all descending on him as an omen of his death, and being indeed the last blow shattering mind and body.

The price that Mozart paid for immortality was his martyred body, his racked mind, his interrupted soul. The soul of genius grows in the soil of the body like a seed. With Mozart it was a tiny seed with little earth about it; it grew rapidly into a flower of strange loveliness, that, having exhausted the little earth that was its sustenance, dies at the roots in full flower. In Beethoven the seed has a deep soil about it; it grows slowly and outlasts all weathers, flowering late and lasting long. Genius and genius may be equal, but it is the affair of Providence, as Mozart said, whether the soul is to be given an appropriate body and the wherewithal to go on living without sorrow. Mozart had a nature of pure brightness; he had a child's love of glittering

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things, and the jewelled rings which princes gave him instead of money were a moment's delight to him before he had to pawn them for food and fire. He loved dancing, and would go to fancy dress balls as Harlequin, loving to show off an accomplishment which he professed to have mastered better than music. When he was in Prague, writing out the score of "Don Giovanni," he would join heartily in the national game of skittles, sitting at a little table in his host's garden and leaving the score whenever his turn came to throw the ball. He liked billiards, and would get some strange musical inspiration from the movement of the balls. He was careful of his dress, and the barber who shaved and curled him every morning has related that he would get up from the chair and move about the room, "stung with the splendor of a sudden thought," and oblivious of comb or razor. These little, passing whims and vanities take on almost a tragic air as we read the darker, more constant incidents of a life which was made carefully on another pattern. Mozart had no power of resistance, and the world and his own swift and devouring genius between them drove him incessantly onward, until body and soul sank into the only possible repose. It is the world's curse and foul crime, repeated age after age, that no divine being is to be allowed to share in this life the unearned portion of the average man: happiness.

Arthur Symons.

FIUME: PAST AND PRESENT.

In a sea-washed corner of Central Europe is a certain city which can boast of ancient rights and unique characteristics. It is a free town, and still owns a special Governor. Its

natural situation is very favorable for commerce, but its political position, near national frontiers, is rather conducive to squabbles among the many races who may be said to vie for the

predominance in it. In Fiume, that fair seaport town of Hungary, the enterprising traveller may have passed days full of delight and interest, and he will regret that racial hatred should at times burst out and mar the face of a place so beautiful. It lies in the north-eastern corner of the quarnero or bay (an Adriatic backwater), and its situation is exquisitely, entrancingly beautiful. It is curious that so few English people find their way thither. Yachts, to be sure, do sometimes visit it, for the harbor attracts them; British naval men know it well as the birth-place of torpedoes and the training-place of Austro-Hungarian officers. Military men also became familiar with the name of Fiume during the last Boer war, for great numbers of Hungarian horses were shipped there, to serve as remounts for the troops in South Africa. Seamen, other than those of the Royal Navy, also know Fiume, for till just lately the Cunard Line carried all Hungarian emigrants from thence to America, and ships of our other British companies ply regularly to and from it. Still the fact remains that of the vast, restless Anglo-Saxon race but very few include it in their pleasure tours.

When Fiume is at peace—and during several short sojourns there I have never seen it otherwise—that so few English and Americans should go thither is most surprising. It is in itself an interesting spot in which to spend days, weeks, or months. On the one hand is an old, narrow-streeted Italian town in which picturesque southerners of divers races crowd together and carry on their marketing in the open air. On the other hand, we see a prosperous, modern commercial centre, with its many harbors, quays, and docks, its Grand Opera House, its great market-halls, its Governor's palace, its naval academy, its many steamboat lines, its great rail-

way-station where meet the "Royal" and the "Imperial and Royal" lines (i. e. the Hungarian State railway and the Austrian "southern" system); last but not least, with its immense factories, employing many thousand hands.

But such tangible assets of Fiume as these last are, to the average traveller, less attractive than are its physical beauties. The sunset effects, for instance, of gilt-rimmed mauve clouds, which transfigure a panoramic stretch of mountains, isles, and sea—these, when once seen, are something to dream of for evermore. They are seldom lacking, be the month November or be it May. Even in mid-winter the mauve coloring is sometimes seen. The gilding may then perhaps be a thought less vivid, but the gorgeous general view is not diminished, for the snow upon the distant peaks reflects the mauve and roseate hues, adding to the whole effect one splendor more. Yes, artists and all who appreciate natural beauty should go to Fiume—once in a while, at least, if not to stay. Sober, middle-aged married people have been known to light upon it—casually "travelling round," as Transatlantics say—and in sheer delight have stayed on and on for years. For fashionable folk Abbazia, just across the bay from Fiume but accessible every hour by steamer, has more attractions; for children Volosca, Ika, and Lovrana are perhaps more salubrious and more suitable. But for intelligent travellers who revel in a dramatic scene, who care to study diverse types most quaintly juxtaposed—to those who find interest in watching Magyar and Semitic energy much-effecting and greatly-evolving, amid surroundings of somewhat sullen Slavic slackness and of Latin inertia, to all those who care for a glimpse of rapid growth and pushful progress working their way through the chronic Croatian animosity which now and

again has fired up into actual conflict—to all such I would say, "Go to Fiume itself." To the mere tourist my advice would be the same.

Fiume has a witchery of its own, and about the aspect of its much-mingled population there is an indescribable and unique charm. Should the botanist adventure himself there, let him return by sea, lest railway-fees for all his boxes full of specimens should prove too ruinous. He may put up in Fiume, Buccari, Volosca, Ika, or Lovrana—all will charm him alike and afford him the happiest hunting-grounds his soul can desire and a flora replete with the verdant riches of both Central and Southern Europe. Students of politics, of history, of antiquity—all will acknowledge Fiume to be no mean city. It enjoys the prestige of having a Governor—a true Hungarian magnate—for its very own. Is it not a free town? Do not at least half of its native inhabitants speak Italian and cordially dislike the Magyars, the Jews, and the Germans? not to mention their innate hatred of those covetous Croats who now and then stir up strife by asserting their idea that Fiume properly forms part of *their* province.

In mediæval and ancient history are interesting, if vague, records of this place. At one time it was known by the name of its patron, Saint Vitus; longer ago a town on the same site was called Tersattica. Hazy traditions tell of Phœnician, of Greek, and of Etruscan colonization. In the Argonautic tale we read how certain Colchi, afraid to return home without having fulfilled their king's command, went northward and built them towns along the Adriatic shore. One fancies that some of them may have found this lovely spot and first raised human habitations there. Writers on Southern Austro-Hungarian topography have declared that Tersattica was one of the

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greatest places of the old Liburnians. In the time of Augustus the Romans found Liburnia parcelled out into small autonomles, named by them civitates. The civitas containing Tersattica was known as that of Flanates. In the time of Charlemagne, some eight hundred years later, Tersattica was destroyed, and from its ruins arose the town which we call Fiume but which, as we have said, was formerly known as Saint Vitus. Even then it was a thriving place and was a prized possession of various potentates in turn, these both spiritual and temporal. In 1471 the Hapsburger, Frederick III, annexed it for the Imperial dominions. In more modern days Maria Theresa presented it to the kingdom of Hungary. This was in 1779 and was to reward the distinguished loyalty of the Magyar magnates. They had rallied round her against Frederick of Prussia, declaring themselves ready to die for their "king" Maria Theresa.

Since then Fiume has more than once been separated from Hungary, but in 1870 it was again united thereto—dare one say permanently united? Hungary is a land of vicissitude and unrest, a very Central-European Erin. Yet it boasts more mightiness in the past than Ireland can do and has more definite ambition for the days to come. At some future time a party in Hungary may tender its crown to a cadet of the Hohenzollern House. Should that happen, doubtless the offer would be accepted with eagerness, but Croatia assuredly will not calmly allow Fiume to become a dependency of Berlin—a German window on the Adriatic Sea. The Croatian question, as apart from the Pan-Slavic movement, is a matter we know little of in England; yet, seeing it from a Central-European standpoint, one is inclined to think it may prove a factor of history before many years have passed away.

Dorothy Laurence.

THE PANTHEON AND ZOLA.

It is to-day (June 4th) that Zola's ashes are to be transferred, with the usual pomp and solemnity, to the French national Temple of Great Men. Possibly the effect of the demonstration will be marred by an attempt at a counter-demonstration; for the ceremony has a political as well as a literary significance, and the gratitude of the "grateful country" is not, in this instance, unanimous. For the majority of Frenchmen, no doubt, Zola is the great man of letters who, like Voltaire, took his stand in controversy on the side of truth and justice; but there are others—a considerable and not unimportant section—for whom he is the pornographer who declared, with Balbus, that it was all over with the army. Perhaps his "pantheonization" was premature so long as opinion was thus sharply divided as to the propriety of the act of homage; for the maxim *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* is by no means generally endorsed by the French. They swear no truce of God over the graves of the illustrious; and it has more than once happened that a change of sentiment—a transformation of enthusiasm into disgust—has resulted in the ejection of the once honored dust of a national hero from the national Valhalla. The body of Mirabeau was removed from the Pantheon to make room for the body of Marat. Marat himself enjoyed his immortality only for four months. "Then," as Carlyle says, "to the Cesspool, grand Cloaca of Paris and the World!" *Absit omen!* But there are those who, if they had their way, would by no means hesitate to wreak a similar posthumous vengeance on Zola's remains for his triumph over the clerical and military factions. His admirers, one feels, even if one shares their admiration, would have been wiser to wait until the bit-

terness of the animosity had subsided, until the Dreyfus case belonged, like the Calas case, to history, and until the country had made up its mind to accept Zola, as it accepts, say, Voltaire or Rousseau.

A parallel has been drawn between the circumstances in which honor is done to Zola's memory and those in which the claims of Rousseau were similarly recognized, thirteen years after his death. It is a close and interesting parallel as far as it goes, though it does not extend all the way. Zola and Rousseau alike anticipated, and to some degree helped to form, the opinions of the times immediately ahead of them. They both enjoyed immense popularity for a season, and then lost it because their writings ran counter to the apparent stream of tendency. They both fell foul of the Church; they both endured persecution, and had to hurry into exile to escape from it; they both returned, and found that public opinion was altered towards them, and outlived their notoriety. They both died with tragic suddenness, and in tragic circumstances which gave the world something to talk about. They both, in course of time, came to arouse more enthusiasm as political pamphleteers than as literary artists. Those are the points of resemblance; but the points of difference were not less noteworthy. Some of them are to Zola's advantage; others are not. He was saner than Rousseau—who, indeed, for the last twelve years of his life, was not sane at all; he was less of an egoist, and he was more of a man. Rousseau could champion an unpopular cause on one condition—that it was his own; but he was no knight errant. His writings on the whole made for liberty, equality, and fraternity; but he never did anything to help any individ-

ual to redress his wrongs; and he never showed any anxiety to see the world improved by the acceptance of his generalizations. His ruling passion was not that the prophecies should receive attention, but that the prophet should not be without honor in his own country. He never tires of reminding us that the ideas which he puts forward are his ideas, and that he is more than they. The fear which he expresses is not the fear that truth may be lost or obscured, but the fear that he—Jean-Jacques—may be ignored, or misrepresented, or aspersed. There may, or may not, have been some analogous egoism at the back of Zola's brain. The general view is that he did enjoy making himself conspicuous. But, at least, he fought for justice, not in the abstract, but in the concrete; and the manifestations of his egoism were altruistic. It was not to his reputation that he sacrificed his ease; he sacrificed it to the joy of battle and to the sense of justice. His triumph, when he achieved it, lay not in the fact that all men spoke well of him, but in the fact that a definite human wrong had been redressed. His character, even if we admit the egoism behind the altruism, commands our admiration.

On the other hand, just because of his preference for concrete acts of knight errantry, his influence on thought has been less deep, and will be less permanent, than that of Rousseau. Certainly there is no idea in all his writings destined to produce the effect of Rousseau's conception of sovereignty as residing in the people and only delegated to the Government. It may be questioned, indeed, whether they contain any ideas destined to produce any lasting effect. His "heredity" is a hobby horse which he first rode to death and then abandoned. There remain his socialism, his anti-clericalism, and his anti-militarism; but his views on these subjects are not

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original. He did not create, but adopted them; they do not differ from the views of the other anti-militarists, anti-clericals, and socialists. This being so, it seems fair to say that, as a thinker, he does not, and will not, seriously count; and the only question left is: Will posterity, when it comes to think of him as a novelist, and nothing but a novelist, continue to accord him a place in the highest rank of literary artists? It is one of the ironies of the situation that he gets his niche in the Pantheon at a time when critics, not in his own country alone, are seriously asking themselves that question. It is a question which, only a few years ago, nobody would have thought of asking. Zola, it was then felt, had definitely conquered immortality. He had worked at fiction with the brain of a chess master; he understood the psychology of the crowd as no man had ever understood it before; he had painted French manners with a fearless fidelity hitherto unattempted; he had created types. That is what everybody used to say; but now there are a good many critics who say quite other things instead. They say that the brain of a chess master is more suited for playing chess than for writing novels; that Zola was often unjust to the crowds whose psychology he professed to interpret; that his pictures of French manners were calumnious caricatures; that his types are failures because they are never individualized, and that there is no type among them that stands out like Daudet's Tartarin or Halévy's Madame Cardinal. Those are the two estimates. Contemporary Frenchmen seem to adopt one or the other of them according as they are free thinkers or "good thinkers," republicans or reactionaries. Posterity, when political and religious passions have abated, will decide between them with a calmer judgment.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Mr. John Macy's sketch of Edgar Allan Poe, which appears in the series of Beacon Biographies which Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe edits and Small, Maynard & Co. publish, is written in a spirit of cheerful candor, and deals brusquely with some cherished illusions about its subject. It is of modest size and refreshingly unconventional, and the approach of the Poe centenary makes it timely.

Mr. Leonard Darwin's four lectures on "Municipal Ownership" which were delivered last year at Harvard, are published by E. P. Dutton & Co. in a volume which should have a wide reading among persons who are interested in political and economic questions. Mr. Darwin does not speak as a theorist, but as a man possessed of practical information upon the subject which he discusses, and as our English cousins have been good enough to test some of the social panaceas which are strenuously urged upon Americans, Mr. Darwin's conservatism is buttressed by experience.

Marion Foster Washburne's "The Mother's Year-Book" (The Macmillan Company, publishers) is defined in the sub-title as "a practical application of the results of scientific child-study to the problems of the first year of childhood." This it is, and more; it is a guide to the young mother in all the care of her baby, an affectionate and faithful mentor, month by month, as to what should be done to promote the growth and comfort of the little creature entrusted to her. So wise is it, so helpful and so explicit that it might well be reckoned an indispensable part of the outfit of every expectant mother.

The true breadth of Thomas H. Huxley's mind, and the variety and rich-

ness of his writings could not be more clearly shown than in the little book of "Aphorisms and Reflections" selected from his works, which the Macmillan Company publishes. The preparation of this book was a labor of love, for it is the work of Professor Huxley's widow, Henrietta A. Huxley, and was prompted by a natural desire more adequately to interpret the great scientist and thinker and to put some of his conclusions within the reach of many readers who might be deterred from the perusal of his voluminous and sometimes technical works and thus might never know how warm were his sympathies, how helpful his suggestions, or how limpid his style. These three or four hundred brief selections are made with admirable discrimination and are widely varied. A topical index makes it easy to refer to them.

The additions to the department of History in the latest instalment of volumes in Everyman's Library include the *Annals* and the *Germania* and *Agri-cola* of Tacitus, in two volumes, in the translation of Arthur Murphy; Sir Edward S. Creasy's "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World"; and Prescott's *History of the Conquest of Peru*, in one volume, and Francis Parkman's *History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac*, in two volumes. This is the first time that Prescott or Parkman has been included in the current series of reprints, and these volumes will therefore be doubly welcome. By a happy coincidence Mr. Thomas Seecombe has been selected to furnish the introductions both to Prescott and Parkman. Prescott he describes as belonging to the great race of stylist historians, and adds his conviction that in the process of time the race will become as extinct as that of the Aztecs or the Incas.

Perhaps; but to any one who re-reads these pages of Prescott they seem still very much alive,—far more so than many dry-as-dust histories of the present-day. As to Parkman, Mr. Secombe admits that, to a remarkable extent, he satisfies both the student and the general reader; and he traces an interesting parallel between his characteristics and those of Sir Walter Scott. E. P. Dutton & Co.

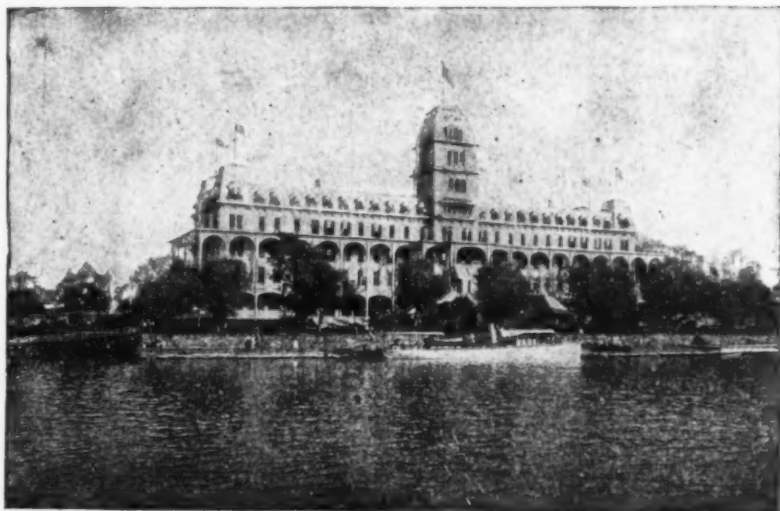
The kindly soul to whom the plan of papering nurseries with Mother Goose subjects first suggested itself must have had pleasant memories of studying storied wall-papers of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, permitted, in blessed ignorance of sanitary laws, to linger on the walls until the æsthetic revival swept them away. The child of the earlier day had better subjects for meditation than "Little Boy Blue" and "Little Bo-Peep." He had walls covered with Chinese scenes and they probably assisted his mother's "blue Canton" in causing him to make his first mercantile venture in China; classic scenes, views in the Bay of Naples, and scenes in which sported devils with most versatile and useful tails, he had also; and Miss Kate Sanborn has photographed scores of the old papers thus adorned, and preserved them in her "Old Time Wall Papers." While preparing her book she made many interesting discoveries which she records in her text, making the volume a real acquisition to the history of colonial life. She prefaces this matter with a history of wall paper, adds notes gathered from many sources, and a chapter on the revival and restoration of wall papers, thus composing a text even more valuable than her pictures. The handsome volume is printed in a limited numbered edition of which the type has been distributed, and a very small signed and numbered edition. The bibliophile and the antiquary are equally interested in this work, and

he who reads for pleasure only will find amusement within it for many an hour. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The publication of a complete and authoritative edition of *The Works of James Buchanan* recalls attention to an American statesman to whom, by reason of the events which clouded the close of his public career, something less than justice has hitherto been done. Buchanan gained distinction through long years of service in the House and the Senate and in the diplomatic service; he was a man of incorruptible integrity and large powers; and if the crisis of threatened secession found him timid and irresolute, he was not the first man of seventy who proved to be unequal to a sudden and grave emergency. The present edition of Buchanan's writings is edited with painstaking care by John Bassett Moore, and is published in very substantial and attractive form by the J. B. Lippincott Company. The edition is limited to 750 copies, each of which is numbered. The material includes private correspondence, state papers, speeches in and out of Congress, orations upon public occasions, reports and arguments upon public questions, etc. A synoptical index to Mr. Buchanan's career in Congress, beginning in the House in 1821 and ending with his retirement from the Senate in 1845, covers more than one hundred pages of the first volume and supplies a convenient key to the speeches and papers which follow. Two volumes have been published. The first covers the years from 1813 to 1830, the second those from 1830 to 1836. It is interesting to learn that the publication of this edition of Mr. Buchanan's works was made possible through arrangements made by his devoted niece, the late Mrs. Henry E. Johnston, formerly Harriet Lane, who, toward the close of her life, determined upon this tribute to her uncle's memory.

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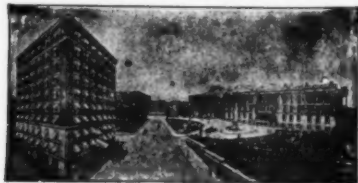


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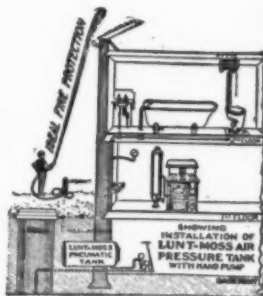
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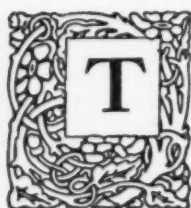
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